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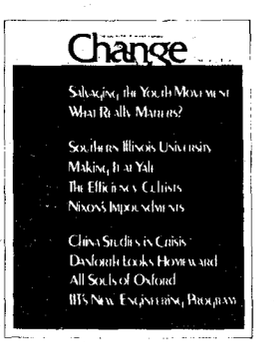

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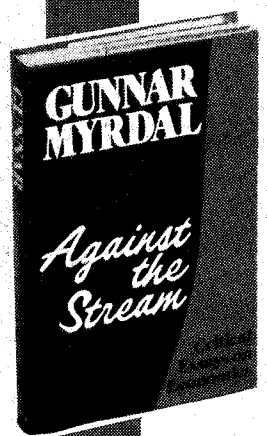

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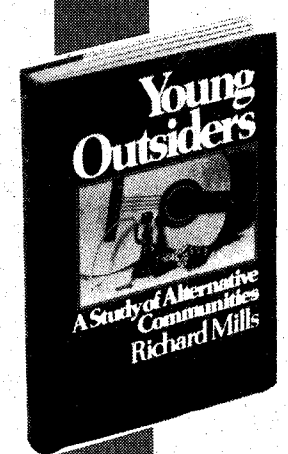

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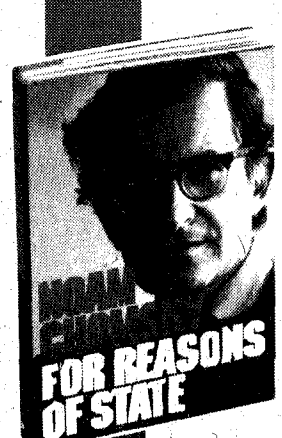

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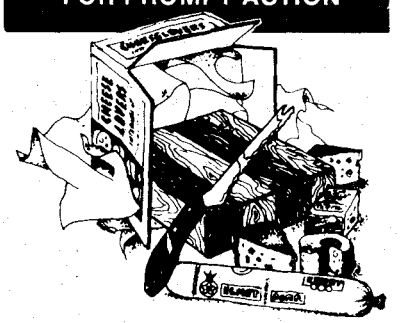

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TRB

from Washington
October 13, 1973

Is Mondale the One?

I think the American public is waiting for somebody to articulate for them their distaste and loathing for the Watergate Nixon-Agnew mess. Who will do it I don't know. Last summer in an interview in *The New Yorker* Senator Fritz Mondale (D, Minn.) told Elizabeth Drew, "What the President tried to do amounted to a massive, wholesale, unconstitutional dismantlement of our system, in an attempt to convert it into a presidential system."

I listened to Mondale on "Meet the Press" last week. He was low-keyed but boldly confident: "In a sense our whole government is under indictment at the top levels," he said; this is "the worst political scandal in American history."

Is there some reservoir of faith and courage on which America can draw at a moment like this? On an impulse I turned to *Miracle at Philadelphia* by Catherine Drinker Bowen, telling how they wrote the Constitution.

They sat through the merciless August heat in that chamber of the State House looking out on Chestnut Street, with the tall wooden pumps on the corners. There was James Madison, "no bigger than half a piece of soap," his friends said; they called him Jemmy. There was old Ben Franklin, who met guests under a mulberry tree, "a short, fat, hunched old man in a plain Quaker dress, bald pate and short white locks," with an incessant flow of humor. There was obstinate John Adams, with his prismatic integrity. There was Gouverneur Morris, with his graceful manners and wooden leg; General Henry Knox, cheerful, downright, valiant, weighing 300 pounds. There was Alexander Hamilton, 32, brilliant, daring, cheeks as pink as a girl's, with a careless defiance. There was Washington with his magnificent physical appearance, a man of strong passions under iron control, who spoke with diffidence and whose genius was in character.

There they worked for four months on something bigger than themselves; inhabitants of a little upstart entity on the edge of the great forest. With three and a half million people compared to Great Britain's 15 million and France's 25 million, trying to invent a new government—a new Thing. They made mistakes; they made compromises; they left a lot of matters purposely vague for those who came after them to fill in, and they avoided high-flown phrases. It was simple, understandable, straightforward, all that about the separation of powers and the three branches of government. And then as an afterthought they affixed a preamble, beginning "We, the People of the United States . . ." "We, the people," a phrase that would wave like a flag of defiance against absolutist kings. They left Philadelphia for their respective states, carrying with them to the uncertain public a feeling that perhaps this startling new document had a meaning for America and even perhaps for the world. "We, the people . . ." farmers and cityfolk read it and wondered and threw out their chests. Suddenly, they were a nation.

Surely there is something historical that we can draw on here at a time when one ignoble figure at the top of government says take the matter out of Congress and to the courts, and the other one says take the matter out of the courts and into Congress.

Somebody is coming forward to help us restore our old priorities. It might be Mondale. It might be somebody else. I peeped in the other day at the subcommittee on children and youth, where Fritz Mondale sat all alone at the head table taking testimony on, of all things, the American family! Is he crazy? Witnesses said a million US preschool children live in families below the poverty line (don't they know the President vetoed a minimum wage bill?); that the US stands 13th among the nations in combating infant mortality (don't they know he vetoed health bills?); that 43 percent of the nation's mothers now work outside the home compared to 18 percent in 1948 (don't they know he vetoed a federal day care bill?).

How old-fashioned the youthful Mondale looked (he is 45) talking about social improvements at this "minute of time"; I got away from the almost empty hearing room as fast as I could. Who cares about these things today?

But Mondale cares, and he is an oddly impressive figure as he resists the Nixon efforts to set the whole welfare reform movement back to before the Roosevelt New Deal. He cites the "grave and fundamental ethical and legal questions of our society: Who shall live and who shall die? How long shall life be preserved and how shall it be altered? Who shall make decisions? How shall society be governed?" Those are the decisions involved.

The "Meet the Press" panel asked Mondale last week if he is running for President. I expected him to duck it. Instead, without batting an eye, he said he had been "exploring" that question and agreed that he is "not well known nationally."

"The other day when I was asked whether I was thinking about the presidency," he said simply, "I saw no reason to be cute about it and I said yes, I was, and that I was talking to people around the country. I am in a very preliminary stage," he said, "in terms of my own future."

This would be preposterously early under normal conditions to think of avowing a candidacy, but times are not normal. The nation yearns, I think, for some rallying figure—or figures—to restore our pride and remind us of what happened in Philadelphia; to light us a candle out of this dismal fog created by arrogant people who tap wires and wear enamel American flags in their Brooks Brothers lapels.

Mondale is no great shakes as an orator though they say he was a tough prosecutor when he was elected, at 32, attorney general of Minnesota. There was a touch of fire when he interjected in his TV interview, "But I think the President should know this: The American people want him to produce those tapes." Yes, they do.

And he was ready for the inevitable question, doesn't all this interest in the weak and poor mean a bigger government? "When I support better schools for children," he answered, "we are strengthening the capacities of the American people to stand up to government. When we have better health programs," he continued, "this, in my opinion, strengthens the American people."

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The Wiretap Mentality

Three months after his second inauguration as President, Richard Nixon gave the go-ahead to installation of FBI wiretaps on the office and home telephones of at least one newsman and a handful of Henry Kissinger's National Security Council staff members. The date was May 1969 and it marked the start of a unique effort first to control news leaks, then to gather political intelligence, and finally just to snoop. The White House and the FBI always knew these taps were politically risky. And so, although the FBI's number-two man, William Sullivan, worked directly with Nixon aide John Ehrlichman, knowledge of the taps and the information they generated were kept out of normal bureau channels. Sullivan kept the files in his private safe. But periodic reports on what the agents overheard were sent to the President via Haldeman and to Kissinger through his aide General Haig. Only occasional reports went to Attorney General Mitchell. In the 21 months between May 1969 and February 1971, the phones of 17 persons were tapped. Some taps continued for a month or less; a few longer and at least one—on the home phone of Morton Halperin—was maintained throughout the entire 21 months.

Two members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senators Sparkman and Case, were permitted to read an FBI summary report on the taps during the confirmation hearings of Secretary Kissinger. They spent less than 10 minutes reading the documents and about the same time questioning Attorney General Elliot Richardson and his new deputy, former Acting FBI Director William Ruckelshaus. Their interest was primarily Kissinger's role in initiating the eavesdropping, not the eavesdropping itself. Enough was learned, however, to cause them to question "the pattern of casual and arbitrary infringement of individual rights." They also noted that "very little if any justification was presented in most instances" for initiating a tap. Often only the name of a White House aide would be supplied as the requestor. The excuse for one tap was that a newsman had been seen talking to an East European diplomat; in another that a State Department official was close to Averell Harriman. The Senate committee also criticized the lack of "procedural safeguards" with respect to terminating the taps. Why they were terminated is an intriguing story in itself. They were halted in February 1971 because FBI Director Hoover wanted to reduce the number of national security taps

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prior to his annual appearance before the House Appropriations subcommittee, which was scrutinizing his budget.

If these 17 so-called Kissinger taps were the only publicized examples of Nixon telephone snooping, the Congress and newsmen might be somewhat justified in giving the subject the silent treatment it has had. They were not.

In June of 1969—a month after the first FBI taps were installed—White House counsel John Ehrlichman at the specific direction of the President authorized the White House's own security unit, then headed by John Caulfield, to install a wiretap on the Washington, DC telephone of columnist Joseph Kraft. Was that for national security purposes; and if so why wasn't the job given to the FBI? Kraft, in Europe with his family when the tap went on his home phone, was followed about and bugged by French authorities. That *was* at the request of the FBI. Again Ehrlichman was reportedly behind the operation.

One month later John P. Sears, a lawyer who was among Nixon's earliest 1968 campaign advisers and was working at the time as a White House aide, was made the subject of an FBI tap. Sears was handling domestic and political matters but says he had no access to classified material. He was, however, often available to newsmen he had met on the campaign. Did the national security dictate this tap? In late August or early September of 1969 a Caulfield tap was allegedly put on a row house rented by three girls, one of whom worked for Senator Edward Kennedy and had been present the fateful July night on Chappaquiddick when Mary Jo Kopechne died in Kennedy's automobile accident. Was *that* a national security tap?

These invasions of privacy, along with the "electronic surveillance" of Democratic headquarters, have been identified. We know less about others. The Secret Service has conceded it wiretapped the President's brother Donald but has refused to supply details, the President having invoked executive privilege. Former White House aide Ehrlichman testified before the Ervin committee that he authorized wiretaps "from time to time" during 1971 when the White House "plumbers" were riding high. Since that group did not get going with its clandestine operations until five months after the 17 Kissinger taps were reportedly halted, it would appear there are still more White House taps to be uncovered. An August 11, 1971 memo from Bud Krogh and David Young (the men directing the plumbers) to Ehrlichman indicates they were aware of wiretaps on individuals connected with the Pentagon papers investigation. Among them was K. Dun Gifford, a former aide to Senator Edward Kennedy and friend of *New York Times* reporter Neil Sheehan, the man who developed the Pentagon papers story. The Krogh-Young memo lists Gifford as having been "overheard"—the legal term for being picked up on a wiretap.

When the plumbers set up shop in July 1971 Assistant Attorney General Robert Mardian made a special trip to San Clemente. According to Mardian, who was handling prosecution of the Pentagon papers case, his meeting with the President came about because FBI Associate Director Sullivan and J. Edgar Hoover were on the outs and Sullivan wanted the White House and newsmen tap records to be removed from his and the bureau's control. At the President's direction Mardian got the tap records from Sullivan and turned them over to Ehrlichman. Was the transfer of these records an effort to hide the fact that Daniel Ellsberg himself had been overheard? That could well have been so. Ellsberg had stayed at Halperin's home in late 1969 and his calls from there were duly recorded by the FBI. An added bonus to placing the taps with Ehrlichman was their availability to the plumbers, who were seeking to tie Halperin and others to the Pentagon papers case.

Having secretly wiretapped and hidden the records in the White House, the administration had no reluctance to make the necessary additional false statements when the question of wiretaps came up at Ellsberg's trial. The government produced an affidavit signed by a Justice Department employee to the effect that files had been checked and no such wiretap information on Ellsberg existed. White House aides Ehrlichman, Krogh and Young, along with Mardian and the FBI officials—all of whom knew of the taps—said nothing. In late February 1973 *Time* reported that these taps *did* exist and the White House promptly denied it. Then at his ill-fated confirmation hearings, Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray III testified he had searched FBI records and had found no such taps. Gray's second in command—W. Mark Felt, a career FBI official who had replaced Sullivan—knew of the taps. Either Gray never asked Felt about them or conveniently forgot if Felt told him the truth.

It was only in May 1973, when Gray was replaced by Ruckelshaus at the FBI, that the taps' reality was confirmed, including the overhearing of Ellsberg. The records themselves were discovered in Ehrlichman's safe hours *after* the Ellsberg case was dismissed. Ehrlichman had known all along they were there; so had the President. Had they been found earlier they would have been ordered into the hands of the defense and probably made public. As it was they were regained by Ruckelshaus only after what was facetiously described as a physical struggle inside the White House.

Will we ever learn how extensively the administration used this police state tool or the real reason for it? Halperin has filed a civil law suit claiming damages to himself, his wife and children from the 21-month tap, arguing that no reasonable national security consideration could justify government surveillance for

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almost nine months after he had left government service. Was the tap continued because Halperin had become an adviser to Senator Muskie? Another Kissinger assistant, Anthony Lake, was also tapped for a brief time while he worked for Muskie. Lake, Kraft and others, including Ellsberg, are studying the possibility of lawsuits similar to Halperin's.

On Capitol Hill, where interest in wiretapping once ran high, little is stirring. In former years two Senate Judiciary subcommittees studied the question. Neither seems much interested today. Special prosecutor Archibald Cox has sent questionnaires to government agencies that have wiretap capabilities to determine how wide the practice has been, and he may investigate the possibility that some government taps already disclosed had no national security basis and were therefore illegal. Last week we learned that in 159 cases, convictions may be appealed because of improper authorization of taps by the Justice Department.

We have related these incidents and their background in some detail because they illustrate a streak in the President, his associates and his accomplices that needs exposure. One could not listen to the testimony of such Watergate witnesses as John Ehrlichman or E. Howard Hunt without a chilling sense of their suspicion-ridden zeal to "get" real or imagined enemies, and the casualness with which they repeatedly and unaccountably bypassed the accustomed ways of exercising political power. An inner circle was convinced the country was in the grip of an elitist conspiracy inimical to self-government. Everywhere they turned they thought they detected the infiltration of public and private institutions by unpatriotic elements that eventually could only be dislodged and destroyed by underhanded maneuver. The foundations, the universities and churches—most were under hostile influence or control. Agencies nominally directed by the executive branch were likewise deemed unreliable, that is, unmaleable by the White House. The FBI, the Internal Revenue Service, the CIA could not be depended upon. The Congress could not be trusted with the truth. The major newspapers and television networks were riddled with radicals. And as evidenced by Kissinger's bugging of his own staff and by the fact that White House aides Charles Colson and Ehrlichman—and the President—recorded telephone conversations with their own hirelings, the inner circle reached the point that it could not even rely on its own members. The TV cameras have shown us a night world of secret agents, little black books, untraceable $100 bills, pseudonyms, rifled safes, falsified documents, faked cables, wiretapping, bugging, burglary—all emanating from the White House.

Congress cannot just push all this aside with some half-hearted rationalization that the public is bored by Watergate and all its ugly appendages. A thorough airing of the full scope of wiretapping is essential if such malpractices are not to be repeated.

Dealing with Russia & China

As he prepares for his journey to Peking October 26, Secretary Kissinger doubtless is taking note of the increasing stridency of the word-war between China and the Soviet Union. Premier Chou En-lai recently described Soviet Communist Party leader Leonid Brezhnev as another Hitler who is planning to attack China, and Kremlin publicists accuse the Chinese of allying themselves with the "most reactionary imperialist circles." The diatribes are being matched by continuing military build-ups along the Sino-Soviet border, as well as some diverting, more trivial incidents: officials in Peking allege, for example, that two Soviet diplomats carried off a mailbox in the middle of the night in order to study letters written by ordinary Chinese.

No serious specialist (we do not include syndicated columnists in that category) believes that this dispute is headed toward a full-scale war. Nor is there any hard evidence that a reconciliation between the Communist giants is in sight. Instead, experts submit, the two sides are likely to go on squabbling with growing bitterness as each works to advance its political objectives. But as the conflict gets hotter, the danger increases that it could involve the United States and other nations that until now have stood on the sidelines. The moderation, if not the resolution, of that conflict is therefore of universal concern.

Moscow's aim, at this stage, is to isolate China within the fragmented Communist camp and from the non-Communist states of Asia and the West. For that reason the Russians are reportedly preparing to convene a world Communist congress at which, they hope, the Chinese will be condemned and the Kremlin recognized as the Vatican of international communism. The Russians tried the same maneuver at a congress in Moscow in June 1969 but were resisted by the Rumanian, Italian and other Communist parties anxious to avoid an overt split within the bloc. Since then the Sino-Soviet breach has widened. Brezhnev has offered Peking a redundant nonaggression pact as a way of demonstrating his flexibility and sincerity to his Communist colleagues (there's already a Sino-Soviet treaty of friendship dating back to 1950). Brezhnev has been striving to persuade Western Europe as well as Japan that they have nothing to gain from amicable relations with China, and he has proposed an Asian "collective security system" designed, like the alliances once concocted by John Foster Dulles, to "contain" the Chinese.

The Chinese for their part are seeking safety in numbers by establishing diplomatic ties with as many countries as possible. It was fear of the Russians, particularly after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, that inspired them to promote a rapprochement with President Nixon, and his extravagant trip to Peking was followed by the visits of foreign leaders as prestig-

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ious as French President Pompidou and as obscure as a delegation from the postage stamp principality of San Marino. Setting aside their ideological preferences the Chinese have forged official links with countries like Spain, Portugal and Greece.

President Nixon and Henry Kissinger have wisely refrained from appearing to take sides in the Sino-Soviet squabble. Nor have they publicly expressed satisfaction over the dispute, though it has worked to their advantage. Mr. Nixon's dinner with Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko in Washington two weeks ago was balanced by a dinner invitation from Kissinger to Chiao-Kuan-hua, the Chinese deputy foreign minister, and Kissinger's forthcoming trip to Peking is largely designed to offset Brezhnev's visit to the United States last spring. But a key question at the moment is whether the administration can continue to keep its balance as the conflict between the Chinese and Russians shifts to Europe, where the President is engaged in delicate maneuvers designed to reform and revitalize the Atlantic partnership.

The Chinese have been focusing on Europe for the past two years, and at the core of their strategy lies a single concern—that détente in the West will free the Russians to strengthen their forces in Asia. Thus Peking favors a large US military presence in Europe, and, in private conversations, the Chinese have said they are pleased with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Moreover they have supported the enlargement of the Common Market in the conviction that it will serve as a counterweight to the Soviet Union.

The Chinese approach to Europe could falter for at least two reasons. In the first place the European leaders are reluctant to forego the possibility of détente with the Kremlin in order to placate Peking. This was apparent last month when Pompidou resisted Chinese attempts to align him against Moscow and instead asserted that French policy is aimed at "achieving détente, understanding and cooperation" throughout Europe. Secondly, the Chinese cannot expect the Nixon administration to successfully fight off all congressional cuts in American forces overseas. Chinese fear of US troop withdrawals is obliquely reflected in warnings that détente will pave the way for the Russians to "disintegrate Western Europe and dominate the whole of Europe."

If it leans too far in either direction Washington will be poked by one side or the other. The Russians could turn stubborn at the disarmament talks or take a harder line in the Middle East; the Chinese could revive the hoary issue of Taiwan. And yet neither Peking nor Moscow has any plausible alternative to dealing with the Americans—unless they patch up their differences, which seems improbable at this time. Barring a cataclysmic eruption of hostilities on the Sino-Soviet frontier, the dispute will not derail the forward movement of détente, so long as Kissinger continues to walk the diplomatic tightrope without losing balance.

Eugene McCarthy Redivivus

We haven't yet heard Senator Montoya hailed as a deadpan humorist, but when Senator Baker can be praised as a paragon of wisdom and even wit, any scrambled egg can pass itself off as a soufflé. That being how things are, we welcome the rumor, and hope it is true, that Eugene McCarthy may return to his early haunts in Minnesota's sixth district and run for Congress in 1974. One more ornament in a House so drably furnished is of no great moment, but the reappearance there of a man so adept at teasing humbugs would help brighten the premises.

The sixth district runs from the far suburbs of Minneapolis across the waist of the state to the South Dakota border and then drops down a couple of tiers of counties to the northwestern border with Iowa. It's populated by German and Irish Catholics and Scandinavian Lutherans; it's part rural and small-town, part urbanized. Politically it's marginal (50.4 percent Democratic-Farmer Labor by the calculations of party leaders). The Republican incumbent is retiring. McCarthy's home town (Watkins) is in the district, as is St. John's where he once taught. Last month he sent Jerry Eller, his aide-de-camp, to tell the local folks the ex-senator is very interested and will soon visit the district.

McCarthy has been calling former colleagues in the House, from Minnesota and elsewhere, to explain why he wants to reverse the standard pattern of political mobility by returning to the House, where he started in January of 1949. He's telling them politics is changing, that authority will no longer be monopolized by "a man" sitting in the White House, that the real power could be in the House if the liberal coalition can pick up 20 or 30 seats. He apparently sees himself returning to a role he played in the '50s, when "McCarthy's Mavericks" was organized as the forerunner of the Democrat Study Group (DSG). "He likes the House," one Minnesota colleague explained, "and thinks he could wield a lot more influence there." If McCarthy needs a plausible, public reason for running, that will do.

Back home the rumored candidacy has caused some nervous shuffling among party leaders who see McCarthy as a strong candidate for the sixth district seat but wonder if he has his eye on more distant horizons. Senator Humphrey's public response to McCarthy's reentry has been described as "generous," as indeed it should be given McCarthy's endorsement of Humphrey in '68 and '72 and his subsequent kind words for his fellow Minnesotan. McCarthy could pose a home-state threat to the other presidential minded Minnesotan, Senator Mondale; nevertheless Mondale has been telling party leaders to extend "every courtesy" to McCarthy.

The potential candidate's real problem is a 29-year-old former state legislator and 1968 McCarthy backer named Rick Nolan, who ran a very strong race against

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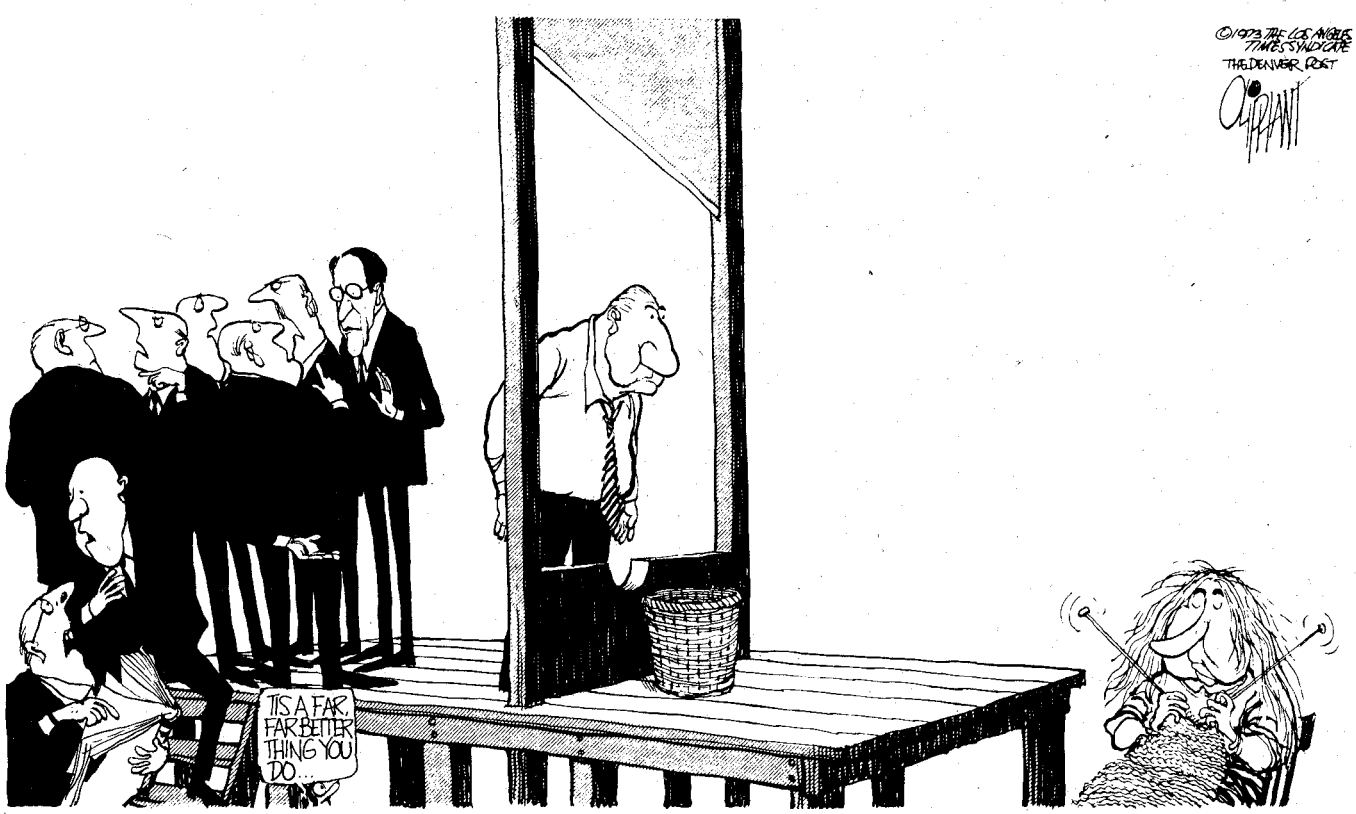
Rep. John Zwach (R), the incumbent, in 1972 and insists he'll run again this year. At 57 McCarthy will have to elbow him aside to get a clear field against the GOP in the fall. In a district as marginal as Minnesota's sixth a ruckus in the caucuses followed by a tough primary battle could wreck the chances of McCarthy or Nolan in the fall. To avoid this some party leaders have suggested McCarthy go after Rep. Bill Frenzel (R) in the third district, the suburban area outside Minneapolis represented for years by Clark McGregor, a Nixon Republican. That, too, has its problems: Frenzel won by nearly 65,000 in 1972.

The Agnew Baltimore Brief

As he indicated he would do the Vice President is trying to forestall an indictment, or at least a trial. His lawyers have moved in federal court to prohibit the Baltimore grand jury and the attorney general from proceeding any further with an investigation looking to possible indictment, on the ground that the Constitution immunizes the Vice President against criminal indictment, and on the ground that a concerted campaign of leaks by the Department of Justice have so prejudiced Mr. Agnew's case as to foreclose any further criminal proceedings against him.

Concerning the proposition that he is not indictable, the Vice President has a strong argument, but the brief filed in support of his motion does not make it. The substance of the brief is that it would be intolerable to interrupt performance of the important functions with which the Vice President is charged under the Constitution by causing him to stand trial, and that the text of the Constitution and relevant historical materials demonstrate the intention of the framers to immunize the Vice President. The trouble is that the Vice President and his functions are thoroughly dispensable, as we know from those periods of history when the office was vacant. And neither the text of the Constitution nor its history offer much guidance. The strong argument in favor of vice presidential immunity rests rather on the possibility that the Vice President, no matter what disposition the criminal process might have made of him, may at any moment succeed to the presidency, and that if he is alive there is no way to avoid his succession, whatever jail he may find himself in at the moment it occurs.

The leakage conspiracy on the part of the Department of Justice is vigorously alleged, but not proved. Even if it should be proved, it is questionable that the remedy for it would or should be the dropping of a prosecution. Certainly that would not and should not be the remedy if the leaks had some other source than the Department of Justice, which is altogether possible. Judge Hoffman, who is Mr. Agnew's Judge Sirica, has authorized the taking of evidence from Justice Department officials and presumably from some others on the source of the news leaks. Even this preliminary step is a highly extraordinary and highly dubious procedure, as will immediately appear to anyone who reflects on it as applied not to the Vice President but



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in numerous ordinary criminal proceedings. The criminal process in this country is extended and laborious enough without extending itself to the holding of trials – followed, why not, by appeals – before it so much as allows itself to get started.

Oil Shortage

Mr. Nixon has for months insisted that the nation's energy headache could be cured instantly if we would go without certain luxuries we've grown accustomed to. We ought to turn out lights, insulate houses, endure colder rooms, take fewer trips, walk, ride in buses and trains instead of cars until the present "crisis" has passed. The exhortations have had little effect. Self-denial is never popular and is especially hard to sell when so many businesses, among them the oil corporations, are making such comfortable profits.

On October 1 John Love, director of the new Energy Policy Office, announced that voluntary allocation of distillate oil and propane gas was being abandoned, and that the two winter heating fuels will be provided first to customers who need them most: homeowners, hospitals, farmers, transit systems, police, fire departments and other essential services. Under the new Love policy the fuels must be sold to the same users and resellers, and in the same proportions, as last year.

It may be too late to prevent widespread shortages this winter however. The heating oil allocation program won't go into effect immediately (the propane regulations will). Secretary of the Interior Morton, like Love, stresses that the program is temporary, won't tap new reserves, but will "spread discomfort out, and we think we can spread it out so thin that it will not have a significant effect on the economy or life style." His prediction is based on a report prepared last summer by the Interior Department which concluded that under fairly good weather conditions the country would probably run short of heating oil at the rate of 100,000 barrels a day this winter. If imported oil cannot match the record volume imported last winter, if the weather turns unusually bad or if any reserves are lost, the shortage will become severe.

The administration has chosen not to impose restrictions on the sale of gasoline, natural gas, crude oil or any of the other products associated with winter fuels. Nixon and his energy advisers are convinced that tampering with the price or distribution of these products would only make things worse later on. Instead the President wants states and cities to lower their clean air standards this winter and burn more sulphurous oil.

If the administration wanted to it could force oil companies to produce more heating oil in two ways. First, it could allocate crude oil so that independent refiners would get their share of low-sulphur oil, which the major companies withheld from them earlier this year. That would increase the total petroleum output. But in order for individual refineries to increase their production of heating oil, they must reduce gasoline output. But since gasoline is in high demand and more profitable than heating oil, refiners will not cut back without prodding from the government. Thus a second way to get results quickly would be to reduce gasoline sales drastically and ask refiners to produce more heating oil.

The Crime of Silence

We recently contended that the US government could and should exercise greater leverage on behalf of human rights abroad. That assertion was prompted by distress over the plight of Soviet dissenters. Now in Chile we observe more dramatic violations of human rights and, despite comparatively larger opportunities for influence, the administration is showing less concern than it has displayed over the fate of Soviet Jews and intellectuals.

The military junta that overthrew President Salvador Allende's Marxist government last month is carrying out a reign of terror to liquidate all leftist opposition. After two furtive visits to the Santiago morgue *Newsweek* correspondent John Barnes calculated that the junta has been slaughtering its real or fancied foes at the rate of 200 a day, excluding, Barnes added, those killed outside the capital. According to other accounts little is being done to care for some 7000 Chilean political prisoners and an estimated 14,000 Latin Americans who originally fled to Allende's Chile to escape military dictatorships in neighboring Brazil, Uruguay and Bolivia. The political prisoners are being detained in a Santiago stadium while many of the foreigners have sought refuge in sympathetic embassies. A United Nations mission has been trying to protect the refugees but lacks authority to defy the junta.

Having refrained from expressing regrets at Allende's downfall and death, President Nixon has remained silent on the subject of human rights in Chile, as have his senior subordinates. The only official word has come from Assistant Secretary of State Jack Kubisch, who told a Senate subcommittee the other day that while "the protection of human rights is a matter of legitimate international interest," there are limits to which the United States can intervene in the "internal affairs" of other countries. That is not the language the administration uses when it wishes to provide arms or police training to other countries.

For years the administration denied bilateral economic help and impeded multilateral aid to Allende's democratically elected government, thereby contribut-

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ing to its decline and fall. The present military junta surely merits no kindlier treatment, and the Senate last week quite properly supported Senator Edward Kennedy's amendment barring US aid to Chile until the persecution stops. As Kennedy also suggested, the US should offer asylum to a number of Chile's political refugees. "Send these the homeless, tempest-tossed to me: I lift my lamp beside the golden door" are the words inscribed on the Statue of Liberty. Has that offer been canceled?

While You Weren't Looking

Socialist Experiment in Canada

by Peter Barnes

Victoria, BC

A traveler in western Canada observes that the mountains, rivers, cities and farms are pretty much the same as in the United States. So too are the language and ethnic mix, the gasoline brands and the fast food chains. But similarities stop when it comes to politics. Three of the four provinces in western Canada—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia—are governed by socialist parties. With the overthrow of Salvador Allende in Chile, these are now the only democratic socialist governments in the Western Hemisphere.

Socialism, of course, takes different shapes in different places. In Canada it is roughly a blend of North American populism and British Fabianism. Its roots are in the early 20th century, when trade unionists and prairie farmers began agitating and organizing against employers, middle-men and "Eastern money." The Depression brought the farmers and trade unionists together into a new political party called the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), whose objective, as set forth at its first convention in 1933, was the "establishment in Canada of a cooperative commonwealth in which the principle regulating production, distribution and exchange will be the supplying of human needs rather than the making of profits." In 1961 the CCF joined with the Canadian Labor Congress to form the New Democratic Party.

Unlike the Labor Party in Britain, the CCF/NDP has not been able to replace the Liberals as the second major party at the national level, but it has carved out an enclave in the western provinces. In Saskatchewan the CCF was first elected in 1944 and except for a brief interval in the 1960s it has remained in power there ever since. In Manitoba the NDP was voted into office in 1969 and reelected this June. It won control in British Columbia in August 1972.

Provinces in Canada have greater power to set social and economic policy than do states in the United States, and Canadian socialists have used this power. In Saskatchewan the CCF's most notable achievement was the establishment of universal health insurance administered and subsidized by the provincial government. Doctors fought the plan bitterly and even went on strike, but it proved to be so popular and successful that nonsocialist provinces soon copied it.

It is in booming British Columbia that the NDP has the greatest opportunity to demonstrate how Canadians—and Americans if we care to learn—can benefit from socialist-inspired programs. The new government has wasted little time. Since its victory slightly more than a year ago, it has pushed new laws and programs through the provincial legislature at a whirlwind pace. Here are some of the major ones.

Natural resources. The western region of North America is abundantly endowed with timber, coal, copper, natural gas, oil and other resources. British Columbia has its full share of this wealth, but most of it is controlled and harvested by absentee corporations whose taxes, historically, have been minimal. A major promise of the NDP was that the province's wealth would no longer be given away to private corporations, many of them US-based, but would be used for the benefit of British Columbians. Since taking office the NDP has doubled the royalty on oil (from an average of 15 percent of the wellhead value to 30 percent), increased timber stumpage fees by 30 percent, imposed a tax on privately owned mineral reserves and adopted a sliding royalty schedule for copper and other ores. These measures will bring in close to $75 million in increased

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revenues by 1975. Within the next year or so British Columbia plans to raise the royalty on coal to no less than one dollar a ton (Kaiser Resources, the largest coal miner in British Columbia, now pays about 10 cents a ton on coal exported to Japan), recapture through taxes and royalties some of the windfall profits made by private corporations during the recent surge in raw materials prices, and obtain a greater return from the province's natural gas, either by raising royalties or by having the government itself market the gas. Further down the road the NDP wants to set up mills, smelters and refineries—with private and public capital jointly, or public capital alone—that would provide resource-related jobs before the resources leave the province.

Guaranteed income. Another major New Democratic Party pledge was a guaranteed income for the elderly and eventually for all citizens of British Columbia. Shortly after the election the government enacted a minimum income plan—called Mincome—for persons over 65, since lowered to 60, and the handicapped. The income of single elderly persons is now supplemented up to $209 a month; couples are assured $418 a month, and all senior citizens receive free prescription drugs. To aid the working poor the government raised the minimum wage to $2.50 an hour effective next June. At the same time it boosted welfare benefits by an average of 30 percent (a family of four can now receive $350 a month). All this the NDP made clear was just a beginning. The minister of human resources, Norman Levi, is studying various guaranteed income plans for people under 60 and is calling for a program of guaranteed employment in community service centers such as health clinics, schools, day care centers and food purchasing cooperatives. Ultimately the NDP would like Ottawa to share the cost of these programs, but in the short run it will pay for them out of new revenues from natural resources, an increased tax on corporate incomes and earnings from government-owned enterprises.

Insurance. Another NDP campaign pledge was to provide at-cost, no-fault government-administered automobile insurance. The intent was twofold: to give British Columbia motorists, especially young ones, cheaper rates than those charged by private insurance companies; and to use the cash flow generated by insurance premiums for investment inside the province (the private insurance companies, mostly based in the US or eastern Canada, took their investments and profits outside the province, the NDP claimed). The Insurance Corporation of British Columbia (ICBC) created by the government will have the exclusive right to sell automobile insurance in British Columbia beginning next March. It will also offer fire, casualty and eventually life insurance policies in competition with private companies. Based on the experience of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, which also have state-owned automobile insurance corporations, premiums are expected to be about 15 percent below private company rates. The ICBC will do about $150 million in business the first year, making it one of the largest Canadian-owned insurance companies, and will invest in provincial credit unions, school and hospital bonds and public enterprises. Private insurance companies fought hard to block the ICBC, arguing that the grant of exclusivity in auto insurance was an infringement of freedom of choice. Transportation Minister Robert Strachan responded that "when a government, for the public good, compels citizens to buy a certain type of insurance, it has an obligation to eliminate profit-making from what is virtually a tax."

Land use. British Columbia's mountainous terrain leaves relatively little arable land, and much of what it has has been gobbled up in recent years by urban sprawl. To protect what is left of the province's farms and near-city open space, the government created a five-member commission with virtually absolute power to zone areas for agriculture, greenbelts, parks and other publicly desired uses, and to do so without compensating owners for lost development rights. The commission also has authority and funds to purchase land for lease back to family farmers and to acquire urban land for future residential construction.

Public ownership. Public enterprise is nothing new in Canada; the Canadian National Railroad, Air Canada, the Canadian Broadcasting System and numerous electric and telephone utilities have been government-owned for some time. Recently the Trudeau government established a Canadian Development Corporation to buy up shares of foreign-owned corporations; its latest acquisition, Texasgulf, is a US resources company with most of its holdings in Canada. In British Columbia nearly 95 percent of the land is publicly owned. The right-wing Social Credit government that preceeded the NDP established BC Hydro and BC Ferries as public enterprises, and built a provincially owned railroad from Vancouver to the northern frontier.

Most NDP members are philosophically committed to expanding public ownership of basic industries and resources, and the party in British Columbia is specifically committed to buying out BC Telephone, a subsidiary of General Telephone and Electronics. As a practical matter, however, the new NDP government has proceeded judiciously in establishing what are pleasantly termed "Crown corporations." Acquisition of BC Telephone will come but it's not a top priority. The government's main acquisition thus far has been an American-owned timber company called Canadian Cellulose that claimed it was losing money and wanted to sell out to ITT. The government blocked the sale and then itself bought the company for $7 million. "We repatriated nine million acres of alienated land along with three pulp mills," reports Lands and Forests Min-

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ister Robert Williams, "and showed a $2 million profit the first year." Another acquisition was the company town of Ocean Falls, complete with houses, shopping center and newsprint mill, which the government bought from Crown Zellerbach for less than one million dollars. In this case Crown Zellerbach planned to shut down the town because it was not making money; under government ownership, and thanks to high prices for newsprint, the operation has turned a modest profit.

The government intends to enlarge the public sector, especially in the northern part of the province where resource development on public lands will be closely tied to government-built railroads, highways and communications. If the public pays for the infrastructure, says the NDP, it should reap the benefits; henceforth public funds will be made available to private companies only in exchange for an equity position. A vehicle for this will be the British Columbia Development Corporation, launched earlier this year with $25 million capital and authority to enter joint ventures and buy stock in private corporations. The government is also planning to acquire control of a bank, which, in conjunction with the state-owned insurance company, will give it considerable investment capability. "We don't intend just to get into the game of state capitalism," says Lands Minister Williams. "We will have worker and community representatives on the boards of Crown corporations, and will also give workers some equity participation." To do this the government is studying worker participation plans developed by West German Social Democrats and US economist Louis Kelso.

Health and day care. Government health insurance, Saskatchewan-style, was enacted in British Columbia by the previous Social Credit government, but medical services in the province remain largely on a fee-for-service basis. The NDP has launched a program of group-practice community health centers that will focus on preventive medicine. Another new program provides government subsidies of up to $100 per child per month to parents who send their children to nursery schools or day care centers.

What makes all this possible, of course, is the political strength of the NDP, now at a high point but still far from a comfortable popular majority. Western Canadian politics is a bit peculiar; the major national parties, the Liberals and Conservatives, have been overshadowed at the provincial level by two protest movements born of the Depression, the NDP on the left and the Social Credit Party on the right. In British Columbia the Social Credit Party, idiosyncratically ruled by W. A. C. ("Wacky") Bennett, had been in power since 1952 with the NDP as the leading opposition party. The NDP victory of 1972 was not so much a mandate for socialism as a throw-out-the-rascals vote and an affirmation of NDP leader David Barrett's personal popularity.

Barrett, 43, an ex-social worker from Vancouver, is by his own tongue-in-cheek description "the guy who brought show-biz to socialism." He is a master at making socialism appear folksy. When opponents accuse him of being a Marxist, he smiles and replies, "Who do you mean, Groucho, Harpo or Zeppo?" He defends Mincome by saying that all retired people, "not just the richies," should have a chance to visit Hawaii, and public ownership by insisting that "we've got the brains right here to balance a book or two. We don't need those Wall Street sharpies."

Barrett spent three years stumping every backwater settlement in the province, and when the 1972 election came he was a well known and well liked alternative to the aging Bennett. NDP candidates swept Social Credit incumbents out of office in six northern districts and six in Greater Vancouver, winding up with 38 seats in the provincial legislature to 10 for Social Credit, five for the Liberals and two for the Tories. By the nature of the parliamentary system, that gave the NDP unchallenged control of all ministries as well as of the legislature, even though it received only a plurality (39 percent) of the total popular vote. Now the NDP wants to expand its base of support. Most of the legislation enacted during its first year in office has been popular; only the auto insurance and land commission measures provoked outcries, in the latter case from real estate interests and farmers hoping to sell to developers.

The bulk of the NDP's cash, footsoldiers and votes in British Columbia have come from labor unions, especially the woodworkers' and fishermen's unions, and in recent years the party has picked up support from teachers, social workers and young people. But if it is to gain wider appeal it will have to attract more of the growing middle class, which scares many NDP members. The danger in their view is that the party will lose its socialist character and become "just another political party." Indeed "the NDP *has* become more of a party and less of a movement, with all that this implies," says Walter Young of the University of Victoria, a historian of the NDP and CCF. Nevertheless it is a party with a high degree of rank-and-file participation and leadership accountability. Constituent associations, made up of dues-paying party members, choose the candidates who run in their local districts, occasionally to the dismay of central party leaders. The leadership must be elected (or reelected) annually at party conventions that also adopt basic policy statements.

Whether or not the NDP ever gets national power its influence has already been marked. Its early programs in Saskatchewan had a national "demonstration effect," forcing Ottawa and other provinces to take long steps forward in health care and family assistance; the British Columbia programs should now provide a similar impetus. At the national level the CCF/NDP

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pulled the Mackenzie King and Pearson governments leftward in social and economic policy, and is having the same effect on Trudeau, whose parliamentary majority hinges on NDP support.

The question that intrigues the American observer is: why in Canada, but not south of the 49th parallel? As Seymour Martin Lipset has noted, many factors are cited to explain why the United States, alone among industrial nations, lacks a significant socialist movement: the absence of a feudal tradition with fixed class structures; an open frontier that absorbed malcontents; the diversion of energies into racial and ethnic rather than class struggles; the steady rise in living standards that made radical change seem unnecessary. All of these conditions prevailed in Canada, albeit in slightly different form, yet a socialist party has been moderately successful here. There appear to be two reasons for this Canadian diversion from the American path. As in the United States the craft unions in Canada have been less prone to radicalism than the industrial unions, but the labor movement as a whole has never gone the way of Samuel Gompers; it has kept its anti-capitalist orientation, a sense of class consciousness and a desire to operate through a radical political party in the British Labor tradition.

The fact that Canadian politics is parliamentary, while American politics is geared to presidential and gubernatorial elections, may also help explain why socialism gained a foothold here and not in the US. All important protest movements that emerged in recent US history either operated within the boundaries of a major party or were soon absorbed by one of them. This will probably continue to be the case so long as it's necessary to get 51 percent of the vote, or close to it, to be a serious political factor. By contrast in Canadian politics it's possible to gain executive and legislative power, become an official opposition, hold the balance of power, or merely maintain a visible political identity, with considerably less than 50 percent of the vote. Thus both Social Credit and the CCF/NDP were able to outlast the Depression, while their American equivalents—the Townsend and Coughlin movements on one side, the Farmer-Labor Party and Non-Partisan League on the other—faded away. It's an interesting sidelight that Premier Barrett, tired of hearing himself described as "the Allende of the North," views his party's election in British Columbia as "an Upton Sinclair victory in California 40 years delayed."

What's the Congress Waiting For?

Cutting the US Out of SEATO

by George McT. Kahin

Continuing American participation in the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) militates against prospects for any effective reassertion by Congress of its foreign policy role in Southeast Asia. Yet the Senate still displays a remarkable complacency toward the survival of SEATO. Though recently dormant, that old treaty is still alive, operative and available as an instrument for further presidentially initiated intervention. Indeed it provides an assertive President with one of his strongest cards in dealing with Congress, should he wish to create a new or expanded military role in Indochina, Thailand or the Philippines.

In the euphoria that surrounded repeal of the Tonkin Gulf resolution, many seemed to forget that Tonkin provided the principal rationale for the Johnson administration's Vietnam intervention for only a year. By early March 1966, in the face of mounting Senate criticism, the administration felt the need for greater authority if its Indochina venture was to be continued and escalated. Thereupon it shifted its emphasis from Tonkin Gulf to SEATO as the major public justification for our Vietnam policy, with Arthur Krock noting in his column of March 6, 1966 that Dean Rusk had moved to cite that treaty as "the fundamental source of President Johnson's authority to commit the United States to whatever expenditure of manpower and treasure he deems necessary to sustain the war in Vietnam."

As endorsed by the Senate 18 years ago, SEATO did *not* authorize US military intervention in situations such as the one that developed in South Vietnam;

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nevertheless later Congresses permitted Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon to use SEATO as authority for our intervention. They did so by acquiescing to White House assertions that the Vietnam conflict was an instance of outside aggression, rather than a locally rooted insurgency and civil war.

To understand how this happened and to appreciate why the survival of SEATO makes it difficult for Congress to restrain further presidentially initiated military adventures in Southeast Asia, it is necessary to look carefully at the actual nature of our SEATO commitment. The treaty's two principal prongs are addressed to outside aggression and to internal insurrection, or "subversion" as it was originally termed. Only in cases of outside aggression can its language be construed as providing scope for anything like a direct and unilateral response by a signatory. With respect to insurrection, the treaty is susceptible to no such interpretation. In such instances it stipulates only that the "parties shall consult immediately in order to agree on the measures which should be taken for the common defense." *Consultation* among the SEATO signatories, then, and *not action*—either collective or unilateral—is all that it provides for in cases of insurgency. If this consultation should lead to a sufficient consensus, recommendations to the several signatory governments might result.

Indeed the Senate agreed to SEATO on the clear understanding that in situations other than open and armed attack from outside the treaty area, there would be no obligation to act. Despite an unqualified statement to this effect from Secretary Dulles during the hearings, several senators remained apprehensive over the insurgency or "subversion" clause in the treaty (Paragraph 2 of Article 4). They wanted to be sure that it could not be employed to draw the United States into the support of unpopular governments against broadly based political opposition, pointing out that this would hardly be compatible with America's own revolutionary heritage. To assure them on this point Dulles pledged: "If there is a revolutionary movement in Vietnam or Thailand we [the SEATO] allies would consult together as to what to do about it . . . but we have no undertaking to put it down; all we have is an undertaking to consult together as to what to do about it."

But the senators had not reckoned with the power of a President to define insurgency as outside aggression. In case of outside aggression the clause of SEATO that could be invoked (Paragraph 1 of Article 4) called not for mere *consultation* but for *action* on the part of the United States or any other party to the treaty, albeit action in accordance with the country's "constitutional processes." Although this clause could not legitimately be construed as authorizing American intervention against insurgencies, it could be so utilized by a President willing to certify that the insurgency in question *is* in fact basically outside aggression. For such casuistry to succeed all that is required is an apathetic and poorly informed Congress. As the history of our Indochina involvement so eloquently testifies, the means of making an on-the-ground determination are almost exclusively in the hands of the President. It is *for* him as well as to him—not Congress—that the Foreign Service and CIA report, and it is unusual for them to provide him with reports that do not justify a course of action they know he is already determined to take. Unless Congress secures considerably greater help from outside sources than is normally the case (or provides itself with much more substantial means of its own) it will always find it difficult to contest assessments made by the executive branch.

President Nixon's recent statements warning Hanoi to refrain from aggressive military activity in Cambodia or else court "appropriate action" by the United States are, of course, addressed to an American as well as Vietnamese audience and must be regarded as an attempt to keep that option open.

It is not clear whether in order to shift public attention away from Watergate Mr. Nixon would welcome a well publicized confrontation with Congress over an issue of foreign policy such as would be presented by renewed bombing of Cambodia. But the fact remains that his own prestige in the conduct of international affairs is probably more immediately at hazard over Cambodia than with regard to any other country. Although Congress has hamstrung the President by denying him funds for any renewal of American bombing or ground action in Cambodia, it has not deprived him of whatever legitimacy SEATO can bestow on such a venture. The fact that he has not yet invoked the rationale of SEATO in Cambodia does not mean that he is not keeping it in reserve.

The protocol of the SEATO treaty covers Cambodia quite as much as it ever covered the southern half of Vietnam, and there is nothing to prevent the present Phnompenh regime from repudiating Sihanouk's renunciation of SEATO's protection for Cambodia and requesting US intervention. If President Nixon chose to grant the request he would need only to interpret the situation in Cambodia as one of "outside aggression" by the North Vietnamese in order to invoke SEATO. Would Congress then insist, as it has never done previously, that SEATO's stipulation that this be done by the United States "in accordance with its constitutional processes" obliges the President to secure the approval of a majority of the Senate, or would it simply, as in the past, be content with his consulting some of its members?

Because of the mounting strength of the Cambodian insurgents, President Nixon might well prefer to avoid a showdown with Congress over a resumption of bombing. For he must realize that whatever he does, there is a strong likelihood that the Phnompenh regime will fall by the end of the next dry season. Thus

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unless it should appear that divisions among the insurgents or other unforeseen factors seriously impair the rebels' effectiveness and prospects, he may conclude that resumption of the bombing would be quite as futile as it was before. He might then prefer to sit back and accuse Congress of "losing Cambodia." But if factors internal to Cambodia should incline him to gamble upon a reentry of US military power, Congress is encouraging such a move by leaving the SEATO rationale available to him as justification. This danger should be reason enough for Congress to take prompt action to end our participation in that treaty.

Less minatory in an immediate sense, but equally worrisome in the longer term, is the possibility of the United States' being drawn via SEATO into a military intervention against an insurgency in Thailand. The US has been committed much more deeply to Thailand's defense against both outside powers and internal insurgency than many congressmen and the general public are aware. This commitment is ultimately tied to and crucially dependent upon a special reinterpretation of SEATO by executive action in the Kennedy administration that was never submitted to Congress for approval and that considerably increases the possibility for triggering American involvement. A joint communiqué by Secretary of State Rusk and Thailand's Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman on March 6, 1962, in effect "bilateralized" the SEATO agreement, asserting that there was an American obligation to come to Thailand's support, even if other SEATO signatories refused to go along.

The Nixon administration has been quite aware that Congress would probably balk at any attempt to conclude a normal bilateral defense treaty with Thailand. But so long as the United States remains in SEATO, the issue does not have to be so raised. Indeed it is in order to have in hand advance authorization for American assistance to Thailand against both external attack and local insurgency that the present administration is primarily interested in hanging on to SEATO.

Whether, as Nixon administration spokesmen have argued, the Rusk-Thanat agreement did not depart from the SEATO accord as originally understood, Bangkok clearly thinks it did and regards it as having added significantly to the American commitment. Thus early in the Nixon administration (May 21, 1969) Thanat Khoman, still Thailand's foreign minister, explained to his Thai audience that although according to the original SEATO charter "all decisions must be taken by unanimity," under his 1962 understanding with Secretary Rusk "even if the decision is not endorsed by all, any individual country or countries may take action even though there is no consensus. . . ."

If one yields to the administration's claim that a bilateralization of SEATO is not inconsistent with its actual terms, then it must be emphasized that this separate American-Thai interpretation could conceivably apply only to the section of the treaty pertaining to outside aggression. The SEATO language dealing with insurgency and subversion is too explicit to permit any such interpretation, for there the parties are called upon simply to *consult* "in order to agree on the measures which should be taken for the common defense." One would assume that anything so clearly collective could not be bilateralized. Yet the Rusk-Thanat communiqué of March 6, 1962 employs language, apparently lost on all but a few members of Congress, that Thai leaders believe does provide the basis for active US military support against any major insurgency in Thailand, as well as against outside aggression. The communiqué cites the case of Vietnam as an appropriate example of how under SEATO Thailand could rely on United States support against the threat of insurgency. This was certainly the interpretation of the Thai prime minister, Field Marshal Sarit, who announced just after the communiqué was signed that the United States had pledged aid to Thailand against indirect aggression—subversion or infiltration—"the same way it is doing in South Vietnam now." If members of Congress are confused by the seeming ambiguity of the American defense commitment to Thailand, *that* country's leaders are not.

Bangkok's initial anxiety after the President's enunciation of the Nixon Doctrine was quickly put to rest by his public statement in Bangkok on July 28, 1969. Pledging to maintain all existing American commitments to Thailand, Mr. Nixon went on to say, "The United States will stand proudly with Thailand against all of those who might threaten it from abroad, *or from within.*" The Thai leaders were delighted. Their sentiments were echoed by the *Bangkok World* which promptly observed: "The inclusion of threats from 'within' is seen as a startling vote of confidence to a Thai nation cautious over the prospects of American involvement in future Southeast Asian problems," and later concluded in its lead editorial: "Mr. Nixon's statement . . . came as a surprise to Thai leaders fearing that his mission here was only to prepare the nation for the eventuality of the American disengagement. . . The Thai-US relationship is . . . stronger now than at any time in days past." As was made evident by Vice President Agnew during his visit to Bangkok on May 17, 1972, the Nixon administration indicated no subsequent reservations about this pledge. By emphasizing that the United States "reaffirmed its willingness to honor its commitments" to Thailand under SEATO and under the Rusk-Thanat communiqué "as well as the assurances given by President Nixon," Agnew reinforced the Thai leadership's conviction that if any of their insurgencies become a serious threat they can count upon the United States to come to their rescue.

During the 11 years since the Rusk-Thanat communiqué was signed, Bangkok has been given abundant evidence of Washington's willingness to meet the expectations that it raised among the Thai leadership;

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even that part of the record disclosed in the heavily expurgated published hearings of the 1969 Symington committee makes this clear. Shortly before the 1962 communiqué was announced, the Kennedy administration made a commitment to Thailand's air defense by stationing a detachment of interceptor aircraft at Bangkok's Don Muong airport. In the spring of 1962, at a time of growing Thai concern over the situation in Laos, President Kennedy established a Military Assistance Command for Thailand, MACTHAI, and sent 10,000 marines and other ground personnel to Thailand to ensure fulfillment of US obligations under SEATO and "to help ensure the territorial integrity of Thailand." (The move was also regarded by the Kennedy administration as useful in providing the US with additional bargaining power in the ongoing international negotiations over Laos.) In 1964 the US general commanding MACTHAI worked out contingency plans with the Bangkok government for American participation in Thailand's defense which were updated by further negotiations in August 1969. It has never been publicly divulged whether these plans center on countering a major insurgency, but presumably they do.

In any case, even the published parts of the Symington hearings disclose that by March 1966 the United States was directly involved in supporting Thai efforts to put down an insurgency. Though this dissident activity in northeastern Thailand was actually modest in scale, Bangkok appeared to be having difficulty in coping with it, and US Ambassador Graham Martin requested Washington to send in helicopters. According to him, the 25 helicopters of the US 606th Air Commando Squadron were under orders not to fire at the insurgents; but they were certainly intimately involved in Bangkok's efforts to suppress the rebels—ferrying Thai military personnel right up to the combat areas. This operation went on until late January 1967, at which time, Ambassador Martin states, Thai pilots took over the operation.

There have been no new Senate hearings on US military support to Thailand comparable to those held by Senator Symington's subcommittee in November 1969, and thus relatively little has been made public concerning the Nixon administration's activities there. US military advisers are now reported to total around 1000, and US Special Forces and CIA personnel (numbers not disclosed) are still engaged in helping the Thai army and police cope with insurgent activities, apparently with limited success.

As during Johnson's term, there has been a continuing campaign to depict all kinds of insurgent activities—even cattle rustling—as part of a Communist campaign directed and nourished by Hanoi, the Pathet Lao or Peking. But it remains clear that outside support is of marginal importance, and that the insurgencies are basically locally rooted and locally fueled. The minority peoples have real and serious grievances, and it has been Bangkok's discriminatory and often heavy-handed treatment of them that has been primarily responsible for provoking them into resistance. During the last few years insurgent activity among the Meo in the north and the Malays in the south has apparently become stronger, considerably greater than the older movement mounted in Northeast Thailand by dissident Thai. Bangkok has not been effective in its efforts to deal militarily with the insurgencies among the Meo and Malays, nor has it taken the political and economic measures necessary to placate these people. (Repeated military defeats in the north at the hands of the Meo and other minority tribal groups brought Bangkok in the fall of 1970 to turn over the policing and administration of extensive hill areas there to Chinese nationalist [Kuomintang] troops—remnants and offspring of forces that fled China two decades ago. This arrangement, endorsed by the United States government, has not been very effective. Most of the Chinese troops have been more interested in the opium trade than fighting the Meo, and when they have chosen to fight have usually fared poorly.)

In the meantime the United States during the past three administrations has built up a substantial vested interest in a massive complex of air bases in Thailand—an investment which ran to over $800 million in 1969 and probably totals well over $1 billion today. Despite an announced token withdrawal of United States personnel from Thailand, some 30,000 to 40,000 still remain.

Thus far insurgents in Thailand—though increasing in power and in the size of the areas they control—do not endanger the Bangkok government, nor have they yet seriously threatened our air bases or our personnel stationed in Thailand. But what if either or both of these situations should arise? On the basis of his past record what should one expect Richard Nixon to do? Will he assert that we have a clear-cut case of outside aggression and invoke the SEATO pact as justification for American intervention—at first presumably with the less controversial dimension of additional military advisers and special forces along with tactical air power? Or will he simply repair to that formula that served him so well during the last years of United States military intervention in Vietnam—the duty of the President to protect American military personnel abroad? Or to strengthen his case in the face of probable congressional opposition will he do both?

SEATO, especially as permissive Congresses have allowed the executive branch to interpret that treaty, leaves the gate open for the President to launch military interventions in Thailand and Cambodia, and even in the Philippines. If Congress is serious about reasserting its responsibilities in foreign policy it must take preemptive action to deny the President scope for such initiatives by bringing American participation in SEATO to an end.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Day for Night
(Warner Bros.)

Two with MM

The theater has been writing about itself since Aristophanes, so egocentric films have a precedent, especially since many of the cultural elements that the film thinks are its own are really inheritances from the theater, technologically amplified. Lately, however, the self-loving film has taken on a new aspect: it concentrates on the director—the very director of a particular film. He puts himself in as biographical medium (Fellini in *The Clowns* and *Roma)* or as mock divinity (Anderson in *O Lucky Man!).* But I remember nothing quite like the way François Truffaut puts himself in his new film *Day for Night.* Just sufficiently modest to give himself a fictitious name, he plays the director of a film called *Meet Pamela,* the making of which is the subject of *Day for Night,* and there is only a scriptural phrase for the way Truffaut sees himself: he is the Just Man Made Perfect. He is always calm, courteous, competent. No problem is too large or trifling to get an immediate and correct decision. His voice-over narration breathes reason; his big heart handles actor crises and the family troubles of his crew. He dashes off good new dialogue for his film as needed, and he is even ready with an instant obituary when one of the cast is killed in a car smash.

More. The director wears a hearing-aid, using it deftly in phone conversations. I couldn't remember any deafness in Truffaut the few times I've met him, so I checked with the distributors who say that his hearing is not impaired. Apparently he's wearing the aid to show more equanimity under fire—and possibly as homage to Luis Buñuel, who *is* hard of hearing.

And that is not all. Truffaut has split himself in two. He wants to show us his earlier immature self, possibly to magnify his present maturity, so Jean-Pierre Léaud plays the leading young actor of *Meet Pamela* and plays that actor as a sort of early Truffaut—much as Léaud has done in the role of Antoine Doinel in several earlier Truffaut films. This actor has had a hard childhood, is emotionally starved and affection-greedy, and is obsessive about moviegoing, yet eccentrically winsome.

Still, the odd overall fact is that, despite Truffaut's blushless icon-making of his Before and After selves, I enjoyed *Day for Night* more than any of his pictures since *Stolen Kisses* (1969). He's so infatuated with everything filmic (this picture is dedicated to Dorothy and Lillian Gish), he's so clearly an *idiot savant* of film, that the subject brings out the best in him: his romance, his lyric lift, his combined wonder-and-shrug about sex, his humor, his melodramatic irony. Day for Night is itself a film-script term, which means that a scene takes place at night but will be shot in daylight with special lens filters. The French term for this, which is also the title of this film in France, is *la nuit américaine.* The English phrase is actually more suitable, because it implies a whole system of substitutions in film life: fake rooms for real rooms that somehow become more real than the real ones because of the intensity with which one looks at them; the hotted-up affection of actors in the same company that replaces (briefly) the lower-flame, longer-lasting affections of "civilian" life; and so on. Of course the very choice of this subject by Truffaut is a small confession of bankruptcy, like a writer writing a novel about a writer, but it has long been clear that not much is happening to Truffaut. He doesn't grow. So he turns his attention to a subject that is already within his small province—the film world, and though the material is hardly fresh, he can freshen it with his sentiment, even with his sentimentality and his egotism.

The very opening typifies the whole picture—a familiar trick used well. The scene is a Paris street, full of people. Léaud comes out of the Metro, walks along until he meets Jean-Pierre Aumont, then slaps him. Just as he slaps, a voice calls "cut!"—and the street turns out to be a set in a Nice studio. A counterpoint between the film and the film-within-it is nicely carried on throughout, with some easy but effective harmonics. (For instance the leading actress of the company is married to an older man and has a brief affair with Léaud: in *Meet Pamela* the heroine, played by that actress, leaves Léaud for an older man, his father.) Truffaut handles his camera and editing with that light insistent drive, that unperspiring dynamics, that mark his work at its best. Pierre-William Glenn's photography has the snapping-bright, NBC-type color that Truffaut likes. And in Georges Delerue he has once more his ideal composer. Truffaut's hyperbolic view of the "classic" elements of film tradition ("classic" in Movieland means practically anything before World War II) is nicely supported by Delerue's Vivaldi-style score.

Some good performances, too. Valentina Cortese, as the actress who plays Léaud's mother in *Pamela,* is enchanting as always. Aumont, whose fan I am not, is surprisingly unaffected and taking as the actor who plays Léaud's father in the inner film. Jacqueline Bisset, a truly lovely girl who has had bad luck in her American films to date, does very well as the rather tense actress who comes to France to play Pamela. Jean Champion is highly agreeable as the producer; and there's a bit appearance, as an English insurance executive, by Graham Greene.

Of course there are lots of wipes and split screens and super-impositions, à la old Hollywood, and there are a lot of oblique references to earlier Truffaut pictures. And it's all too long. Still I

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

American Graffiti. George Lucas probes and fixes adolescent culture of the '60s. Often goes through cliché to quintessence.

Bang the Drum Slowly. The baseball picture for those who do and don't like baseball. Good sentiment and humor, though inconclusive.

Last Tango in Paris. Despite what you've been led to think, the Brando-Schneider sex scenes are about a third of the picture. The first few of them are genuinely strong.

State of Siege. Costa-Gavras, who did Z, deals with the murder of a US official in Uruguay, 1970. Tendentious but gripping; or gripping but tendentious.

SK

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Crawford Woods on TV

The New Season: Carbon Copy

Three years ago, burdened beyond bearing with publicity releases on yet another "new" season, I took a closet revenge by dreaming up a fantasy network called the Bizarre Broadcasting System (BBS) and stacked it with programs even more outlandish than those actually on the air. My preliminary notes might have included a sitcom about a flying nun and another about a mouthy blue-collar bigot . . . maybe even a cowboy number about a Chinese monk who wanders the West dispensing bargain-basement Zen and karate with equal flair. But these finally seemed too demented to pass as parody, the art of which, after all, is to look a little like what it seeks to flay. No: these things were too strange, they would *never* be on television.

Since then, of course, they all have been, and any possibility of a surrealistic look at a typical evening is vanished somewhere in the direction of Catch-23. The rule: if you lampoon the product, it will defuse you next time by being weirder than your joke. So Bizarre, which I'd hoped to revive, won't be back this year. No need. If you turn on your TV it will make fun of itself.

Samples and examples:

► A space opera about a wandering starship just a-lookin' for a Class G sun, crewed by bearded derelicts whose dialogue is homebrewed from equal parts of *2001* and *The Crucible*.

► A comedy set in the garment district, with lots of jokes about garments.

► The return—*return*, mind you—of Brian Keith.

► The advent of the black supercop.

► And of a law 'n 'order magician who traps criminals with magic tricks.

► A bus driver promoted to (promoted?) lost-and-found clerk who spends the first show hunting down a missing toilet.

► A girl whose marriage is spiced (giggle giggle) by ESP powers. Which apparently do not include flying, though the girl in question was the Original Flying Nun.

I'm not noting dates and times for these wonders, nor even titles of shows or names of the guilty networks. Just assume it all comes from my BBS. What is worth noting is the mirror-feel of this year faced with last. I'll quote here from *The Washington Post*'s TV magazine the opinion of programming consultant Herb Jacobs, who has made it his business to predict (with over 90 percent accuracy) the fate of each new season for the past 12 years:

> The season, as a whole, is a carbon copy of last year. It offers no excitement or creativity. The viewer will be satisfied, though, since familiarity removes the need for them [*sic*] to make decisions.

A hell of a year to copy—probably the dullest since the discovery of electricity. And a gruesome comment on the Average Viewer, assumed to be familiar with every switch on his set save the one that turns it off.

Still the carbon is smudged just a little: cops-and-robbers are back in droves, but they promise to be a bit more gritty, a bit less plastic, maybe. There seem to be more situation comedies than usual, one of which is trying to get by without a laugh track, which is in itself deserving of applause. There's a strong ethnic note here and there, and just possibly a willingness to hint occasionally that human beings aren't as smooth between the legs as Barbie dolls. Best of all, the three-way duel continues to see who can land the cream of recent feature films. Particularly for the next few weeks then, the small screen may partially redeem itself with loot from the big one.

Beyond that: football.

As for potential survivors, it's hard to say and harder to care. Last spring's strike by the Writers Guild tangled up production schedules to the point where the final premiere of the fall won't run until the end of October, by which time the first casualties could be known. To hurry things up, the Nielsen ratings are being made this year in 48 hours as well as the usual two weeks. (ABC, interestingly, doesn't want the quickies, and has apparently come to feel that comprehensive demographic studies are more useful than lump headcounts.) This time next year we'll know what those ratings saved, and whether it was worth the saving.

In the planning stage of Phase Two of the Senate Watergate hearings it was decided they would not receive complete live coverage from any of the major networks; however PBS would continue to carry gavel-to-gavel videotape in prime time on days the committee met. ABC decided to confine its reporting to regular newscasts, as did NBC, though all three commercial networks were to keep alive the option of special reports that breaking news seemed to warrant. CBS will air a 30-minute special each day the committee meets in addition to coverage on regularly scheduled newscasts.

A spokesman for CBS says the network wanted to extend full live coverage to Phase Two on a rotating basis but was turned down by ABC and NBC. Executives of the two networks based their decision not to continue complete live coverage on the fact that the hearings have relatively less news value than they did in the earlier sessions. They report no White House or other outside pressure to discontinue full coverage.

At the last moment, CBS changed its mind, began full, live coverage for the first day of Phase Two.

The Secret Beyond the Ridge

The pines push upward
each on one leg,
as in a child's drawing.

Even peering, leaning,
only a few
reach the top of the ridge.

The rest press
up behind the leaders,
a green crowd.

Evenings
there is a lot of sighing
among them—

whether because they know
the secret,
or still don't know.

Robert Wallace

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The Managerial Elite

Economics and the Public Purpose

by John Kenneth Galbraith

(Houghton Mifflin; $10)

Piece by piece John Kenneth Galbraith has been building a general theory of modern capitalism as novel for its times, as comprehensive and nearly as iconoclastic as that of Karl Marx. Earlier components of the theory appeared in *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power* (1952), *The Affluent Society* (1958) and *The New Industrial State* (1967). Now in *Economics and the Public Purpose* the elements are integrated, the diagnosis of contemporary economic ills is completed, and an ambitious prescription is suggested, including a heavy dose of socialism.

Worth emphasizing at the start is that Galbraith operates largely outside the template of orthodox economics, a notable renegade who has been continuously – and I think successfully – warring with the great majority of his more traditional colleagues. From the book-reading public he has received generous applause and lush royalties. The reactions from most of his fellow academicians have ranged from smirky smiles to angry outrage.

Galbraith is not in the fashion of the times a mathematical model builder or computer-doting econometrician, preoccupied with maximizing a hypothetical "utility function" in an imaginary world of perfect competition, perfect knowledge, perfectly equal opportunities and perfectly instantaneous or "frictionless" mobility of resources. That is the orthodox economics of the academic establishment, and Galbraith (Harvard professor though he is) gleefully tramples on everything it holds dear, especially its reverence for the profit motive and market competition. As opposed to the abstract puzzle-solvers (like Paul Samuelson) most common in his profession, Galbraith is a workaday but realistic and extraordinarily gifted observer, keenly in search of the strategic factors that determine how the real world economy operates and what the consequences are of that operation. His canvas is so large that errant brush strokes are bound to be apparent to the delight of his conventional rivals. But for those with more interest in knowledge than in scoring a point, *Economics and the Public Purpose* may well go down as the most important book in this discipline since John Maynard Keynes' 1937 classic, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*.

In place of the traditional, "impersonal" competitive forces of the market, the prime mover in Galbraith's portrait of modern capitalism is the managerial elite of the great corporations. Less than 400 industrial corporations currently own three-fourths of *all* assets employed in manufacturing in the United States. Concentration nearly as high prevails in most branches of finance, transportation, electric power, merchandising and mining. Guiding the nation's top 1000 firms or so is what Galbraith calls the "technostructure," consisting of the "complex of scientists, engineers and technicians; of sales, advertising and marketing men; of public relations experts, lobbyists, lawyers and men with a specialized knowledge of the Washington bureaucracy and its manipulations; and of coordinators, managers and executives." It is their interests and objectives that comprise the most powerful single force shaping the country's economic decisions – its allocation of resources, the composition of its output, its technology, consumption habits, the form and manner of its governmental policies and, in some significant degree, its culture.

In orthodox economic literature, which includes virtually all university textbooks, reference is customarily made to the term "entrepreneur," the classic owner-manager of the business firm The entrepreneur is buffeted by the forces of supply and demand over which he has no influence. Steadfastly, he strives to minimize costs and maximize profits. Even when textbooks recognize the existence of big corporate business, in the form of oligopoly or monopoly, the classic image of the lonely entrepreneur is revised only slightly. In its place is set the corporation's top management (or often just its president), which also strives to maximize profits within the constraints of the costs that it faces and the capricious demands of consumers, neither of which can it control. The great corporation, too, is subject to the discipline of competition, the trials and tests of the market. So goes the popular legend that commends itself to business leaders and also, conveniently, can be composed into the "publications" essential for academic promotions, fame and a modicum of fortune.

Galbraith presents an opposite view that discloses an aspect of business behavior that classical models overlook: the technostructure preoccupied with its own welfare. Stockholders by and large have no effective control over the firms they "own" and ordinarily no knowledge at all concerning their operations. In this era of complicated techniques even boards of directors are commonly at sea when specific, substantive business problems are raised. The momentous failure of the Penn Central, it is said, came as a greater surprise to its board of directors than it did to the president's office boy. The technostructure – the firm's bureaucracy of engineering, scientific, marketing, managerial and financial experts – represents the corporate brains, and its interest is primarily in growth and security: growth so that the corporate bureaucracy can prosper with a constantly expanding scope of activity, rising salaries, prompt promotions and always ascending prestige, responsibilities and personnel; security because growth is faster and more predictable when the strategic determining variables are safely under the corporation's bureaucratic control.

So through advertising and other forms of promotion the technostructure takes care of demand. Consumers are riveted so firmly to the need for deodorants, flashy cars, crackly breakfast cereals, electric dishwashers, color TVs and other symbols of affluence or conspicuous waste that some poorer families would rather go without food and medicine than resist the blandishments of Madison Avenue – and as the Census Bureau reports they sometimes do. As Galbraith sees it the giant corporations do not passively produce what consumers want (in accord with orthodox theory), but instead get consumers to want what they produce.

Further the corporations, for security and growth, must control costs, which they do by buying out or dominating smaller suppliers and by cultivating industry-wide and reasonably predict-

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able contracts with labor unions. They must control prices, partly by shaping demand through massive advertising and partly by developing a peaceful modus vivendi to their mutual advantage with firms in the same or related industries. They must control government policies through close "symbiosis" with the Senate or House committees or the bureaucracies of the government departments or regulating agencies, that might affect them. They must control foreign trade, which they do by direct investments abroad, in the familiar multinational pattern and by surreptitious cooperation in cartels. In short the business of the giant corporations is not left to the whimsical trends of the market, of capricious consumer tastes or of political ideologies; all is painstakingly and effectively planned. Profits are required as a means to an end. A predictable and satisfactory flow of net income is essential for the technostructure so that growth can flourish and stockholders can be placated for the use of their money with adequate dividends and/or capital gains.

So successful is this "planning system" and so gluttonous are its appetites for the nation's resources that according to Galbraith, it effectively starves the rest of the economy of output and income and cuts the nation's households off from some of their vital satisfactions. Within the planning system incomes are high, production efficient and abundant. Outside the realm of big business is what Galbraith calls the "market system"—some 12 million small firms, farms and many millions of service workers from repairmen to housecleaners. Here without the benefits of mass production techniques and often exploited in one way or another by the bargaining power of big business, efficiency and incomes stagnate; as in medical care, mass transportation, the arts and housing, output is also typically inadequate. In recognition of this disparity, he says, are the numerous and usually ineffective measures of government to redress the imbalance in aids to agriculture, cheap credit and technical assistance for small business, housing subsidies, price maintenance protection for retailers, medicare, medicaid and so on. And of course outside the planning system, too, is government, deliberately downgraded and systematically used and abused by big business. Neither the environment nor the population's health can be preserved while such domination of government by business is allowed to prevail. Such observations lead the author to say that "in its mature form the (giant) corporation can be thought of as an instrument principally for perpetuating inequality."

In summary Galbraith faults the American economy for gross inequities, costly irrationalities, ridiculous extravagance in some sectors coupled with dangerous deprivation in others, all attributable to the arrogant, undemocratic, public-be-damned dominance of big business. His prescription for correction is many-sided and deals with a variety of specific issues such as environmental protection, inflation and poor relief. But his central and most significant proposal follows directly from his belief that the competitive market system of the United States has so grievously deteriorated that it is now beyond repair. He concludes that in a substantial part of the economy, the private, profit-seeking market must be replaced by a comprehensive system of governmental economic planning; that planning would entail public ownership and operation of the means of production—a "new socialism," Galbraith calls it, born of necessity rather than ideology.

Though cogent and persuasive Gal-

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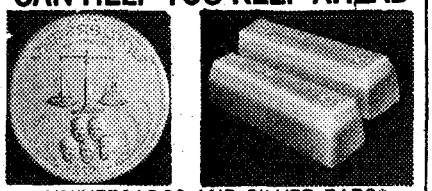

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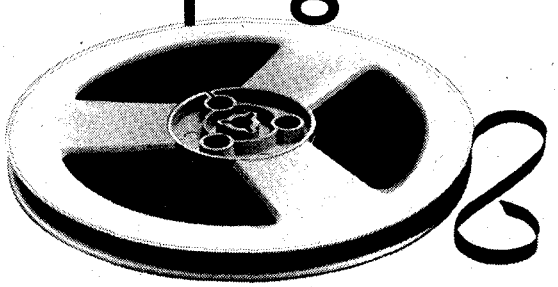

The Managers Speak
Edited by Ernest R. May and Janet Fraser

In January 1973, for the first time in American history, principal participants in a major election met to discuss the science and the art of campaign strategy: the planning, calculation, contrivance, miscalculation, and mischance that determine what the electorate sees. Campaign managers, pollsters, and journalists met to compare notes on their techniques and tactics and on their successes and failures as they reviewed the events of the primaries and the election.

This carefully edited transcript—oral history at its best—makes absorbing reading. It is a valuable primary source for students of and participants in the political process in general as well as the '72 campaign in particular.

Ernest R. May is the Director and Janet Fraser is Assistant Director of the Institute of Politics at Harvard.

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braith's analysis of the American economy, including his diagnosis of its ills, is not without faults. His interpretation of the big business "planning system" as rich and efficient and the market system as inefficient and poor, will not convince those of us who have recently paid bills to wealthy doctors or dentists or have seen the local building contractor pull away in his Mark IV or have observed the consummate skill with which so many "small" but flamboyantly affluent businessmen minimize their taxes. Nor can extreme inequalities in income distribution, as he would suggest, be attributed so simply to the planning system's exploitation of the remainder of the economy. Inequalities having little to do with social worth or solid contributions seem to be inherent in capitalism. They have prevailed wherever capitalism has, including some of the less developed countries whose only planning systems are the five-year plans regularly filed and forgotten by their governments. There are other difficulties with the Galbraithian model, but none, I think, that are irreparable. Its main lines are firm—more than that, incisive and germinal.

The weaker part of the book lies in its prescription. Here his effort in little more than 100 pages to cover policies in industrial organization, welfare, taxes, sex and race discrimination, economic stabilization, international finance, environmental control and political reform may be commended for its courage but not its judgment. His program for checking inflation while maintaining employment, for example, sketchily ignores structural problems in labor markets, producing large islands of joblessness that can only be met by specific government employment projects. Instead Galbraith places entire emphasis on fiscal policy plus selective price controls, a combination that has been tried and found wanting time and again in Western Europe and even, though half-heartedly I concede, in the United States. In countering inequalities he rests exclusively on guaranteed incomes, ignoring guaranteed jobs, focusing on the old, quixotic effort to reform the progressive income tax instead of exploring new and perhaps more promising ideas, such as a progressive and unavoidable tax on consumption. The need for public control of big business is acknowledged but only vaguely described. Nowhere is mention made of the interesting "yardstick" principle, of public competition with private business, a proposal abortively introduced but never practiced in the New Deal. The point is not that all or *any* of Galbraith's proposals are wrong but that he does not devote the space and thought necessary for resolving the issues.

This sketchiness is most glaring in his central proposal for a "new socialism." Here he advances a socialism that "searches not for the positions of power in the economy but for the positions of weakness." As prime candidates for nationalization he cites particular industries where he believes the market has most blatantly failed: housing, health services and transportation. In another context he adds to this the defense industries and the very largest or "most mature" of the nation's corporations either because of their overweening power or, in the defense industries, because the public is currently enjoying the costs though not the benefits of public ownership. Can American government, as it is now organized, run public corporations efficiently and progressively? Is the attempt even conceivable on any broad scale in the light of Galbraith's contention that business now controls government, rather than the other way around? He is aware of these questions but fails to provide convincing answers.

But there are so many fascinating trains of thought he does complete, so many original insights, so fruitful a model of the world's richest economy overwhelmingly beset with fateful problems. What failures there are stem mainly from essaying more than could possibly be delivered in a solitary volume. On the average *Economics and the Public Purpose* contains more uncommon sense in a single page than most other books in the field contain between their covers. It is a great work.

Melville J. Ulmer

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To Our Readers

The three cartoonists whose Christmas cards are available from *TNR*, are Jules Feiffer, Pat Oliphant and Robert Osborn; not Bill Mauldin as was indicated in the October 6 issue.

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Pablo Neruda, 1904-1973

At the climax of Pablo Neruda's finest poem, *Heights of Macchu Picchu*, he calls on the workers who built the Incan city:

> Give me struggle, iron, volcanoes.
> Fasten your bodies like magnets to me.
> Break into my veins and my mouth.
> Speak through my words and my blood.

With Neruda dead and thousands of others killed or persecuted in Chile, that communion is broken. We know of workers' settlements, factories and the university bombed, Congress dissolved and the constitution rewritten, opposition parties and press outlawed, torture and summary execution, books publicly burned. And through it all the gross and cynical lying of the junta, including their assurance that Neruda "enjoys the affection of all of us because he is a national glory." At dawn the morning after his death, soldiers apparently ransacked his home, leaving broken windows and furniture and books destroyed, pottery shattered.

For a week following the military seizure, there were conflicting reports that Neruda was killed or arrested or underground. In fact he was bedridden, suffering from the cancer that forced him to retire last year from the French ambassadorship. He died September 23, in the worst moment of Chile's history, from heart collapse.

Sickness had not stalled him. During weekend trips from Paris to Normandy he used to write long poems in the back of the car. In April 1972 he went to New York and told the P.E.N. Club about his strange meetings with US and European financiers to renegotiate Chile's foreign debt, and about his own lifelong debt to the "organic nationalism" of Walt Whitman. Returning from Paris in the fall of 1972, he produced his *Incitement to Nixoncide and Praise of the Chilean Revolution*. Its 44 poems in rough Dantean tercets—"explosive and sour," Neruda called them—were inspired by anger at the renewal of bombing in Vietnam. Chile's government publishing house sold the book cheaply at newsstands.

With Chile coming closer to civil war last spring, Neruda had a manifesto posted around Santiago. It recalled the agony of Spain and asked writers, artists and singers to mount a vast popular campaign against civil war. Then in September, while he was preparing a letter to *The New York Times* about ITT, the coup came. He had somehow composed and released, perhaps shortly before, "The Satraps," a polemic against Nixon, Frei and Pinochet.

For a poet so involved in the present struggle—Republican Spain, Stalingrad in 1942, socialism in Chile—Neruda's greatest poetic resource lay in his historical imagination. During World War II, later as a Communist senator and then as an internal exile under President Gonzalez Videlá, he was writing the *Cantò general*, an epic that reverts to unnamed rivers, untouched minerals, Indian caciques, conquistadors and the early-19th-century liberators of Latin America. A few weeks after Hiroshima Neruda began writing *Heights of Macchu Picchu*, and during the '60s he conceived a semi-tragic cantata, *Brilliance and Death of Joaquín Murieta*, based on a Chilean bandit in California during the gold years, killed by racist vigilantes. In accepting the Nobel Prize in 1971 he recalled his childhood in southern Chile and the Indians there, whose Araucanian ancestors resisted the Spaniards for 200 years.

Neruda's historical imagination shaped some of his finest political poems such as "They Reach the Gulf of Mexico (1493)": "Hunger as old as Europe, hunger like a dying / comet's tail manned the ship, / hunger was there, stripped down, / a cold aimless axe, the masses' / mean stepmother." Another begins, "Cortés has no people, is a cold beam." These poems have a depth of reference and a recreative energy unequalled in American poetry.

The generals found something to say when the poet died: he had sung their native earth and ocean. For Neruda the turbulent revolutions of the natural world meant change, change man could grow with. His essential image, especially in the last years of his life, was replenishment. He lived facing the ocean where the surf and swell that threaten human life in Eliot's poetry were what Neruda learned from as he wrote. Replenishment. His sister Laura—here legend begins to form—said he was working on 10 books when he died.

There will be time to examine Neruda's defects—his uncritical socialism during the '40s and '50s, his women's pliancy in the love poems, his portentous rhetoric. What matters is that his life and poems more than ever symbolize Chile's critical history. It is a cruel irony that after 50 years of work, he should have died when he did. At his funeral, for the first time, people openly demonstrated against what has happened.

John Felstiner

Guilty

I declare myself guilty of not having
made, with these hands they gave me,
a broom.

Why have I made no broom?

Why was I given hands?

What good have they been
if all I ever did was
watch the stir of the grain,
listen to the wind,
and did not gather straws
still green in the earth
for a broom,
not set the soft stalks to dry
and bind them
in a gold bundle,
and did not lash a wooden stick
to the yellow skirt
till I had a broom for the paths?

So it goes:
how did my life
get by
without seeing, and learning,
and gathering and binding
the basic things?

It's too late to deny
I had the time,
the time,
yet the hands were lacking,
so how could I
aim for greatness
if I was never able
to make
a broom,
not one,
not even one?

Pablo Neruda
trans. John Felstiner

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A Literary Minefield

The Roaring Queen

by Wyndham Lewis

(Liveright; $10)

"To know the vintage and quality of a wine," Oscar Wilde once observed, "one need not drink the whole cask. It must be perfectly easy in half an hour to say whether a book is worth anything or worth nothing. Ten minutes are really sufficient, if one has the instinct for form." To Wyndham Lewis the practices of the critical fraternity that either vilified him or ignored him were hardly much better, and after 20 years of writing and painting he took out his frustrations in a gargantuan satire, *The Apes of God* (1930). Three inches thick (in large format) and five pounds in weight, it was a grotesque grand tour of 1920s Bloomsbury and a gallery of arty London frauds. It went largely unread.

Soon after, Lewis put whatever literary antipathies he had no room for in the quarter of a million words of *The Apes of God* into a Jonsonian extravaganza of literary caricatures, *The Roaring Queen*, and offered it to Chatto and Windus, which—fearing a libel action—prudently refused it. The chief literary victim of Lewis', it was obvious, was the veteran novelist and critic Arnold Bennett, whose *Evening Standard* columns made or unmade writers, including those published by Chatto. At best the Samuel Shodbutt of the novel was unfair; at worst the characterization may have been actionable. Lewis put the manuscript away for a more propitious time.

In 1936 when Bennett had been dead for five years, Lewis unearthed his novel and offered it to Jonathan Cape as a new work, with the action dated only by a reference to Shodbutt as "a Canute of 1930." This time the book reached the printer's proof stage before G. Wren Howard of the Cape firm expressed concern about its possible libelous content and withdrew it. Lewis was indignant. A Cape editor, Hamish Miles, had approved the book, saying, "We do not mind about the Bloomsburies," and Lewis insisted to the more cautious Howard, "There is, of course, no caricature of any *individual* 'Bloomsbury' in the book." But there is, and more, for neither the living nor the dead were spared Lewis' revenge for real and imagined slights. Although the wit is often labored and the wisdom seldom surfaces, the result is a novel worth the resurrection for its idiosyncratic look at between-the-wars literary life in London.

Whether Cape felt that the scathingly hostile portrait of Bennett was unimportant because he was dead is unclear from the surviving correspondence, but it is this aspect of the book that recalls Wilde's barb about reviewers and provides its funniest lines. Bennett the critic was to Lewis the symbol of the "era of puff and blurb in place of criticism," as he later wrote in his autobiographical *Rude Assignment* (1950). In fact, Lewis accused, "*That* started with Mr. Arnold Bennett, when he turned reviewer and star-salesman for the publishers, and was the godfather of as fine a brood of third-rate 'masterpieces' as you could hope to find anywhere." The Shodbutt of Lewis' novel need not even read the work to extract its essence, as becomes clear when the aging critic and his young wife discuss how he decided enthusiastically upon *It Takes Two to Make a Bedroom Scene!* as his Book of the Week:

"It was the last line that decided me. It carried me off my feet."

"Mine too!"

"The last line. On the last page. I said *This is the goods.* And I'm not often wrong. I could tell it at a glance."

"There was one in the middle . . ."

"I remember that—I remember—you told me about it. A chapter full of genius, wasn't it? It must have been."

"No, it was a line."

"I remember it! It went deep—*a line only*. Marvellous. I never read the middle of a book. À quoi bon!"

". . . The middle of anything is *always* a bore. Even with such a book as *It Takes Two to Make a Bedroom Scene!*, it is a bore. The middle cannot be anything but a bore."

"How I agree with you! There are very few books that bear reading in the middle. For me *c'est le premier pas qui coûte.*"

"Not for me—not for me! It all lies in *the last page.*"

"Of course, the last page . . ."

"I *never* read more than the last page. Balzac said he knew what a book was like without even opening it. I can't say that—that's more than I can claim—I take off my hat to Balzac! He was a *genius!* No. I have to *open* them. It's no use—I admit it, I have to open them. But I never need to go farther than the last page."

"I know!"

"If that doesn't stir me, I just shut it up with a bang, and mark it N.G. But give me a last page—and I'm infallible. Infallible."

"You would be infallible even if you never opened . . ."

"No, no. Balzac—*Balzac!* Not me! I take off my hat to Balzac! I must *open* it!"

"You do yourself an injustice."

"No. I can't tell if a book has genius unless I open it. No, Joanie—not without opening it!"

"But Sam, darling, often you *haven't.* It has been sufficient for me to *tell* you, in a nutshell . . ."

"That is true. Nutshell. Yes!"

"It is perfectly marvellous the way *the slightest hint*—why one word sometimes is enough. I have known you to decide upon the title alone!"

"That is true, yes. There have been times. I have often done that. A title—I *have* done it with only the title. But that's risky, Joanie! Risky!"

The Book of the Week Club, and various absurdly named book clubs and literary prizes, are additional objects of Lewis' wrath, as is the log-rolling in the writing, publishing and critical fraternities to secure such plums for the unworthy; and here it seems that Samuel Shodbutt, although mostly manufactured out of Bennett, takes on some aspects of another popular novelist-critic, Hugh Walpole, who doted on young writers and was chairman of the selection committee of the English Book Society, making him a powerful force in commercial publishing. Lewis had even written to Richard Aldington just before composing the novel that Walpole was "in a position to inflict a good deal of harm upon books," and lamented that "the 1929 world . . . suffers Walpoles and Bennetts."

In an entertaining introduction to *The Roaring Queen* Walter Allen identifies

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some of the literary people fictionalized, although he seems unaware of the novel's pre-Cape history and of the suggestion of Walpole in the personality of Shodbutt. But he identifies Nancy Cunard (the nymphomaniac "Baby Bucktrout") and other exotic types, including Brian Howard, the Oxford homosexual writer (caricatured later by Evelyn Waugh as Ambrose Silk in *Put Out More Flags* and as Anthony Blanche in *Brideshead Revisited*), who is the Roaring Queen himself, Donald Butterboy, the effeminate undergraduate whose novel is to be Shodbutt's newest Book of the Week. And despite Lewis' protestations to the contrary, there is an authentic "Bloomsbury" in the novel, a thinly disguised Virginia Woolf, who is "Mrs. Rhoda Hyman," the "Highbrow Queen of Literary London," with her "drooping intellect-ravaged exterior of the lanky and sickly lady in Victorian muslins," her residence in the "Tavistock Quarter of Town," her melancholy, her feminism, her alleged exhibitionistic and autobiographical fiction as well as her "bold criminal thefts from other people's fiction" (an apparent reference to the Joycean *Mrs. Dalloway*, clearly the notorious "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown"). It is difficult to see how Cape could have permitted the novel to get as far as being set into type, however much time has now defused the minefield into which Wyndham Lewis had turned the literary London he despised.

The Roaring Queen remains more than the opportunity for an identification game, for it is a parody and a put-down of literary cults, literary coteries and literary hypocrisies, and even ends in a murder mystery, a literary device which appears to be a bridge to the fiction Lewis went on to in 1932 with *Snooty Baronet* and in 1937 with *The Revenge for Love*. Intermittent fun it may be, but one cannot say of it, as Shodbutt proclaims of *Bursting Ripe*, by 11-year-old Nancy Cozens (an obvious poke at James Barrie's successful puffing of nine-year-old Daisy Ashford's *The Young Visiters* in 1919), "I am an old hand. I am wary! It takes a good deal to shake me out of my rut. But *Bursting Ripe* left me speechless—it uprooted me—I didn't know when I put it down whether I was standing on my head or my heels. I can say no more. All I *will* say is—READ IT! Do not read it once—read it twenty times: and if the first copy wears out (as mine did) order a second from your bookseller. I say advisedly, *order from your bookseller*, for this is not a book to borrow, merely, from a library: it is a book to *buy* and *keep*, as long as you have breath in your body, as I shall do. It shall never leave my shelves. . . ."

Stanley Weintraub

Backward Glances

Fear and Loathing—On the Campaign Trail '72

by Hunter S. Thompson
(Straight Arrow Books; $7.95)

Right from the Start—A Chronicle of the McGovern Campaign

by Gary Warren Hart
(Quadrangle; $7.95)

Goodbye, Mr. Christian—A Personal Account of McGovern's Rise and Fall

by Richard Dougherty
(Doubleday; $7.95)

The Long Shot—George McGovern Runs for President

by Gordon L. Weil
(Norton; $8.95)

Today's conventional wisdom is that the "new politics" now lies buried in the McGovern debris. This view assumes that the "new politics" as a vehicle for building a political majority in this country using the Democratic label was tested fairly in 1972. Now that three key members of George McGovern's campaign staff have shared their insights into what went wrong, it's a good time to make a new assessment. The answer seems obvious: it wasn't a fair test.

It would be easy to say: "wrong candidate." As the standard-bearer of the new politics in 1972 McGovern was certainly a large part of the problem if not the major one. His aides, in their books, document this carefully. But it's not that simple. A presidential campaign is more than one man; McGovern drew thou-

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Notes on Contributors

Stanley Weintraub's *book*, Saint Joan: Fifty Years After *(Louisiana State Press), has just been published.* John Felstiner *teaches at Stanford University and is the author of a number of works on Latin American literature.* Robert Wallace's *most recent book of poems is* Ungainly Things *(Dutton).*

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appeal. It held me from start to its ironic end, which reproduces the dedicatory plaque on the hospital walls, inscribed with the names of Nixon, Laird, Resor and Westmoreland (Stein & Day).

As a would-be investor with very little to invest I found Burton G. Malkiel's *A Random Walk Down Wall Street* (Norton) scary yet informative. An economist with a hard head, an iconoclast with a social conscience that makes him feel it important to warn the unwary about the blunders all get-rich-quick dreamers will surely make when they try their luck on the stock market, Malkiel is no pessimist. He turns his seeming pessimism (that there's no way of predicting the market) into wary optimism at the end of the book and provides what look like useful rules for investing. His theory is, "Investing is a bit like love-making. Ultimately it is really an art requiring a certain talent and the presence of a mysterious force called luck."

Wrong number?

Addicts of Mark Twain (this country seems still to have its share of them) will find in *Rube Goldberg: His Life and Work* (Harper & Row) a surprising parallel to that great iconoclast's life and wit. One forgets that Goldberg, like Twain, was a social critic who believed that men never really change. Technology might bring some changes, but machinery is a temporary affair, beyond the powers of the human mind to cope with. (See *Connecticut Yankee* for obvious parallels.) This handsome book is more profound than all the fine cartoons reproduced here would suggest. Goldberg was a noted political cartoonist who found the human race irrational (Twain thought it was both irrational and damned) but was not beyond irrationality himself, *id est*, his regrettable support of Joe McCarthy. All in all this book celebrates an American phenomenon who could do almost everything: write, draw, sculpt, spoof the technology (and thus the culture) of his time, and, again, like Twain, was probably the most prodigious cigar smoker of his time. It's hard to think of anyone who doesn't know *something* about Rube Goldberg: this book appears to know everything and to display its information handsomely.

Another sad note (after Neruda): the death last week of Wystan Hugh Auden, "the foremost poet of his generation" *(The New York Times)*, suddenly in Vienna. An acquaintance of my youth, his face then as craggy and gentle and elderly at 30 as it was at 66, he was a man whose death must be mourned by every literate person who loves poetry and reveres Auden's art of criticism.

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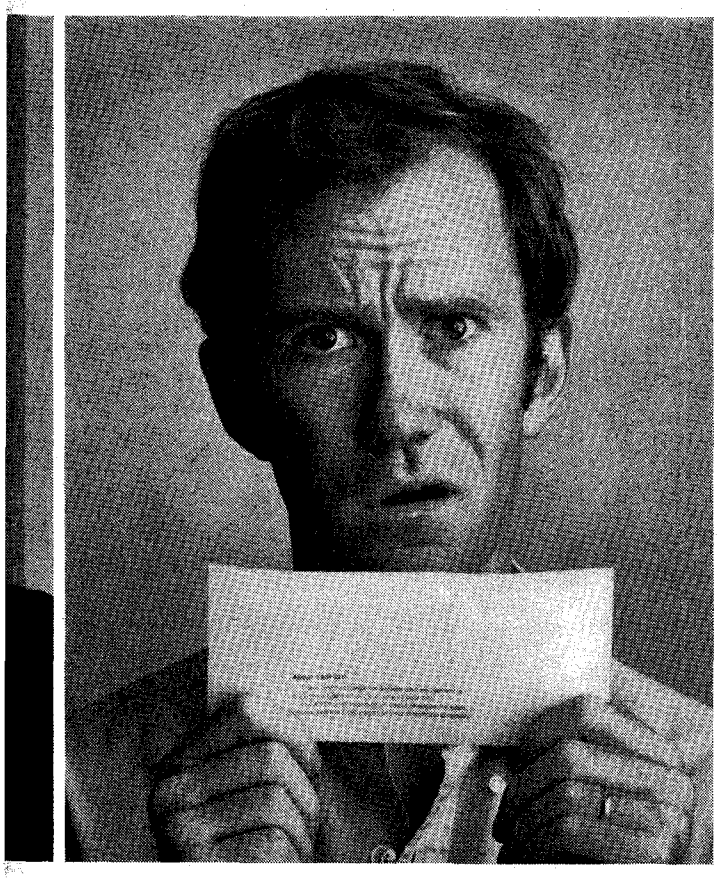

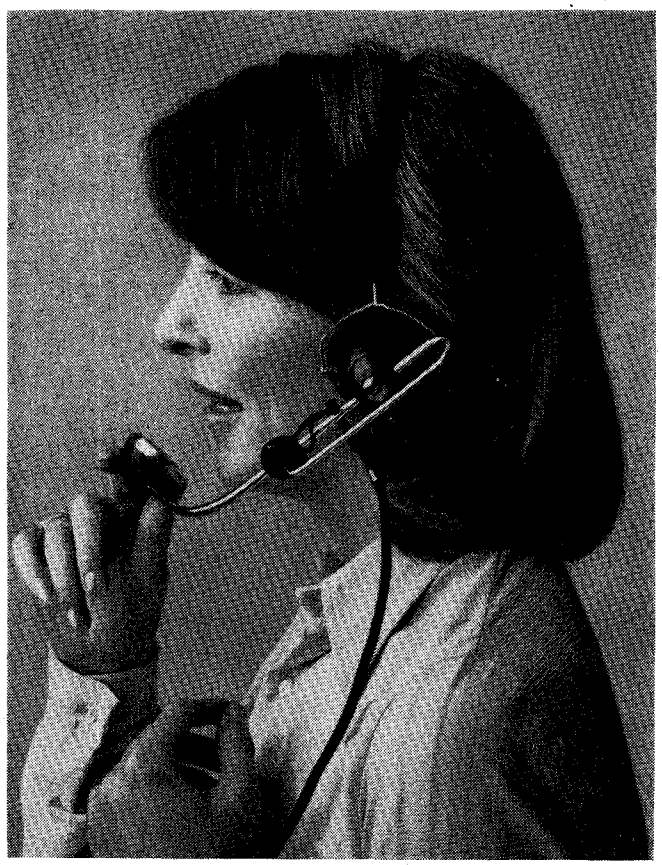

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Correspondence

Campaign Financing

Sirs:

As a long-time admirer of Walter Pincus' writing in the field of campaign finance, I am mystified by the conclusion of his September 29 article, "Raising the Money to Run." For while the body of the article recites, seriatim, the aspects of the present system that cry out for public financing of elections, Mr. Pincus nonetheless concludes that now is not the time for it, that the revised 1971 law should have more chance to work before we "put federal candidates on the federal dole."

In the body of his article Mr. Pincus points to the new finding "that all incumbents [in 1972] had enormous financial advantage over their challengers"; to "the widely held belief that congressional back-pedaling on . . . oil depletion, defense spending, health insurance . . . is tied to campaign donations"; to the long-known fact that "candidates for public office have two constituencies: the voters . . . and the contributors who finance their campaigns"; to the fact that "Washington lobbyists . . . have become a prime source of dollars for all congressional incumbents"; to the fact that "most often the motivation [for campaign donations] is economic—a favor or protection to be sought, or gratitude for service rendered"; to the fact that, especially in the presidential races, "to get big money . . . it takes big money"; and, finally, to the fact that "as of this moment, there is no effective dollar limit on how much an individual can contribute to a candidate or a party"—which gives rise to the astounding fact, revealed since Mr. Pincus' article appeared, that just 10 donors gave six million dollars to the Nixon reelection campaign and that 28 givers (those who parted with $200,000 or more) accounted for more than $10 million, one-sixth of the $60 million raised for Nixon last year.

Behind each of the phenomena recited by Mr. Pincus lies one central problem: the universal dependence of political candidates on big givers, most of them "interested" givers, with some governmental axe to grind. Nothing in the 1971 law—nor in the newer bill enacted in June by the Senate and now under study by the House Administration Committee—will alter that dependence. Tighter disclosure requirements will not (they will merely tell us in more detail what we already know—that big givers dominate election financing); nor will any realistic ceilings on overall campaign spending, for the monies allowable under the ceilings will still have to come from private sources, and politicians will go on seeking a significant part of them from larger givers: it's easier and cheaper than going after the small contributions.

So without public financing another couple of years' experience under the present law (even if amended by Congress) will leave us exactly where we are now: with elections dominated by a tiny slice of the population, and with candidates thereby barred from openly discussing, much less proposing, reforms that might be offensive to that wealthy minority. Under those circumstances, what chance is there of Congress' closing tax loopholes that so hugely benefit the rich? What are the prospects for meaningful antitrust enforcement (in which the Democrats, fully as dependent as the Republicans on wealthy givers, have been, if anything, weaker than the supposedly pro-business GOP)? What hope is there for any reordering of Congress' spending priorities under which the Congress gladly hands out billions for defense and pro-business programs, but slashes away at health and welfare programs that benefit the noncontributing portion of the population?

Mr. Pincus is fearful that federal financing will "put the government in a position to control elections directly." That danger is speculative and, I believe, controllable, if not in the initial writing of public finance legislation, then as the program progresses, for both parties in Congress will be equally vulnerable to, and apprehensive about, partisan manipulation of the election subsidies. Anyway could the manipulation of elections and of government policy, under public financing, be any more arbitrary or distorted than that already accomplished by the dairymen, who funneled $400,000 into the Nixon campaign and thereby won a boost in the support price of milk that is costing us all $500 to $700 million a year?

At the recent Senate hearings on public financing one senator, seeking to counter the suggestion that officeholders invariably do the bidding of their contributors, said, "I just came back from a Senate vote now [in which I voted] against the interests of, I would say, nine-tenths of my contributors." Unwittingly that senator gave the best argument for federal election subsidies: for why should "the interests of his contributors" have even been on his mind—as it obviously was—when he cast that vote? Under public financing, with officeholders beholden equally to every citizen and voter for most or all of their election funds, there would be an absolute identity between the electorate and the contributors. The existing dichotomy between them, which Walter Pincus aptly described in his article, would vanish. But it will not and cannot in the absence of public financing of elections.

Philip M. Stern
Washington, DC

Interpreting the Law

Sirs:

With regard to Alexander M. Bickel's article on the White House tapes (*TNR*, September 29, 1973) my copy of the US Constitution has the language Bickel quotes ("[the President] shall take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed"), but I can't find the part that says the President can prevent faithful execution of the laws undertaken by others. It is all too clear that the President has the *power* to wreck the statutory machinery of the Justice Department; he may even have a willingness to do so. It hardly follows that he has the *right* to nullify a court decision enforcing Mr. Cox's subpoena.

Professor Bickel questions the wisdom of giving power to investigate suspected federal crimes to a grand jury subject solely to judicial control. I am astonished that he thinks the Constitution grants the President an absolute power to obstruct the enforcement of the federal criminal laws, accountable only through the process of impeachment.

What more would be required to stamp the seal of monarchy on our federal government? And what then of the constitutional guarantee "to every State in this Union [of] a Republican Form of Government . . . ."? Or is that what the CREEPs were up to all the time?

Alvin Levin
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

Professor Bickel is one of our leading legal thinkers because he sees facets of a case that others do not. Most recently he has seen that the celebrated tapes case is a put-up job, and others—most

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of all the direct participants—have missed this entirely.

Like most great ideas, it is, once said, all so simple. Cox's powers are derived from Nixon; Wright's powers are derived from Nixon: therefore, Cox is Wright and both are Nixon. Wright is Judy; Cox, Punch; Nixon, the puppet master, and the court's job is to remain aware that it is all fun—not an assault and battery case for adjudication.

Consistently Cox cannot indict Nixon or Richardson. Not because either man is innocent, but because, in a legal sense, Cox *is* Nixon and Richardson. Therefore any such proceeding would "really" be Nixon against himself, so there is no real controversy, so the courts may not hear the case. (Great joke, hey, if Nixon-Cox beat Nixon-Wright in a criminal case, and Nixon-Nixon wound up serving 20 years!)

Anybody watching from the outside would swear there is a real fight here. Insiders would swear it too. The tapes case is a put-up job in a technical-legal sense. But it is precisely that technical-legal sense in which the law is an ass.

Legal presumptions like that have a flaw: they exist only if you believe them. If in a real put-up job I show up on both sides of a law suit, nothing the courts can do will create a real quarrel. With the tapes the courts need only ignore Professor Bickel's abstractions; look at what's happening and the theory that both parties are on the same side will vanish like Tinker Bell, drowned in the noise of a real donnybrooke that's going on, whether the law says it can or not.

But says Bickel, Nixon need only fire Cox to end the whole thing. Fire Cox! One imagines the President has thought of this solution from time to time; that he has talked it over with Bud, with John, with Henry, with Julie, with Ron. But it's like the Pentagon's game theory computer that says blow up the world to stop the Communists. Go around firing honest special prosecutors and people get the wrong idea; they don't realize, as does Professor Bickel, that the upright special prosecutor is just a convenient extension of yourself, to be dispensed with at will. People think, well, that you're somehow guilty.

The Constitution doesn't mention special prosecutors. They sprang into being. The same way administrative agencies and many other institutions did—in response to real problems that the Constitution, as evolved, cannot solve. The problem in this case is that impeachment is an obsolete and cumbersome way to get at a lawless administration. The will to impeach has long since atrophied, and, even if it hadn't, the Congress can't call off the nation's business for the year or two it takes to investigate and try all these cases. Better to set up an untouchable agency of prosecutors and investigators and try the cases in the courts, which do such things better anyhow.

Professor Bickel assumes the President can dissolve the special prosecutor's office at will. I submit he cannot; he is constrained from doing so by a force similar to the force that keeps Presidents obeying Supreme Court decisions. It is not in the written Constitution, but it is among the things the government must do to preserve its legitimacy.

Thomas J. McGrew
Washington, DC

Wolfman Jack Unmasked

Sirs:

Stanley Kauffmann must have watched *American Graffiti* with his "shades" on. Wolfman Jack has a good California tan, man, but he ain't black.

Sue Pickard
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

A recent and satisfied convert to your magazine and especially the film reviews, I was slightly surprised at your error of misidentifying one of today's true media freaks—Wolfman Jack. The Wolfman is, in fact, white and attractive to both the black as well as white radio audience. He was the character playing himself, albeit understated, in *American Graffiti*. Mr. Lucas' use of the Wolfman characterization was insightful and quite relevant to the story's time period. I believe it was the early '60s when I was first introduced to Wolfman howl while frantically racing up and down the California coastline looking for the perfect wave, the perfect girl and the perfect life.

Malcolm Leo
Beverly Hills, Calif.

In reply:

NBC, where Wolfman Jack now works, confirms that he is white. Well, he could have fooled me, and did. And I'm not alone: in the *Village Voice*, Sept. 6, '73, Michael Shain wrote that when Wolfman Jack used to appear at concerts, masked, "the kids argued over whether he was white or black, and most thought him super-black." He's unmasked in the film, still I was with the kids.

Stanley Kauffmann

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

thought I'd had my last dram of enjoyment out of the Pagliacci theme and studio magic, and Truffaut shows that there's life in the old whirl yet.

By coincidence, two pictures with Marcello Mastroianni come along simultaneously. Two bombs, of different tonnage.

The Grande Bouffe (Abkco) is an Italian-French production set in Paris, about four friends who gather to commit suicide by eating themselves to death. One of the four is a master chef, played by Ugo Tognazzi, so they go out in style. The others are Philippe Noiret, a judge, Michel Piccoli, a TV executive, and Mastroianni, an Italian airline pilot. There are some pleasantly snug moments in the old house where they gather to do this haute-cuisine harakiri, particularly when it's snowing outside and Mario Vulpiani's camera makes the Art Nouveau interiors glow. But the script by Marco Ferreri and Rafael Azcona (with five assistants!) never explains *why* the four want to kill themselves; we're just asked to accept it. Admittedly Mastroianni, who is not exactly brilliant here, manages to get some self-disgust into his eating and wenching—he calls in some whores—to supply what the script omits. The futility of gratification is heavily labored, by the stuffing of mouths and other orifices, by the bursting of a toilet that floods a floor with excrement (Get it? The destination of all food, fine or otherwise), and by the utilitarian

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handling of the girls. The esthetic Piccoli is made a victim of flatulence; he dies as the after-effect of a gargantuan fart. But even here, what seemed amusing in Rabelais or Roger Vitrac becomes distasteful and pointless.

Ferreri, who also directed, doesn't help by drawing out the uglinesses. His only real achievement is in casting Andrea Ferreol as the plump pretty schoolteacher who joins the revels. Her aid to the men in killing themselves is no more explained than anything else; with her, too, we are supposed to make lofty assumptions about the Emptiness of It All. But her person, of which we see all, may bring plumpness back in style.

What? (Avco Embassy) was made in Italy, in English, and should not be confused with *Why?*, a very good Italian film with Alberto Sordi. Roman Polanski and his script collaborator Gerard Brach had the germ of a comic idea: a flaxen-haired girl, nubile and nude most of the time, descends on a cliff elevator (instead of down a rabbit hole) to a villa where she has a series of wild adventures, none of which is ever explained but which she accepts as matter-of-course, like a sexy Alice in Wonderland. The adventures aren't funny enough, the pace is deadly, and much of the English cannot be understood. Mastroianni plays, or plays at, a seedy Casanova, an eighth-carbon copy of his role in *Divorce Italian Style*. The girl is Sydne Rome, whose first and possibly last film this is. It's all like a dreadfully premature fetus, a small blob of something that might have developed into an articulated organism.

What *about* Mastroianni? Does he really not care any more? Pretty grim to see a once fine actor lolling about publicly on fat salary checks.

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And why not, at long last, a nationwide power grid? If we're talking about economical use, efficiency, and conservation of energy, a nationwide grid is one of the most logical answers. It would enable power producers and suppliers to move kilowatts from east to west and back again, to meet peak demands in every part of the country.

We don't pretend to have all the answers. But we do know that developing a national policy on energy and resources which makes human well-being the benchmark of progress will take the best efforts of all of us . . . will take straight talk . . . a clear spelling out of objectives *and* of the choices which have to be made in order to reach these objectives.

America's consumer-owned rural electric systems were created by people united by their common need for light and power in the countryside. Working together, and backed up by a national program, we solved that power crisis.

We say again, America's consumers, working together and with their elected leaders, can solve this one, too.

America's Rural Electric Systems

We care . . . we're consumer owned®

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